

Calling All GIRLS

Largest Circulation
Magazine For Girls

January 1944

10c

COMICS Things to Do
Etiquette

STORIES
Gadgets

Movies FASHIONS
Good Looks

Who's Who

among Junior Scientists

Interest in science runs high among Junior High School girls, and many of them are carrying on worth-while projects in various fields.

Typical of this interest is the work of Rebecca Revercomb, who is in the 8th grade at John Dewey Junior High School, West Allis, Wis., and Marjorie Moore, who is in the 9th grade at James Callanan Junior High School, Des Moines, Iowa.

Rebecca's science teacher is Miss Esther Slowinski; Marjorie's is Mrs. Nellie B. Smith.

To Rebecca and Marjorie, congratulations on work in science that shows interest, initiative and ability beyond the requirements of regular classroom work.

Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Co., 306 Fourth Ave., P. O. Box 1017, Pittsburgh (30), Pa.



Material for the study of science exists all around us, and here is a part of the collection Rebecca Revercomb has gathered to prove it. She has mounted and named leaves of all the trees growing near her home and is now working on a study of weeds.

She has also started a collection of common insects, and has the larvae of a number of them growing in these glass jars. In the small aquarium are several forms of pond life.

Rebecca has organized a number of the girls living near her into a science club. She is 10 years old.



Geology seems a strange hobby for a girl, but it has held the interest of Marjorie Moore ever since she was five years old. Systematic collecting and study of rocks began when she was in the fourth grade. This picture shows her on one of her field trips, photographing a rock formation.

Her great ambition is to be one of those explorers who "venture into caves and discover new rocks, levels and passages." Finding a new grotto or a new stratum of rock, she says, would be just about the greatest pleasure she could imagine.

Marjorie is also interested in other fields of science, particularly chemistry and electricity, but geology comes first because, as she says, "I like to find out how things are made and geology gives me this opportunity." She is 14 years old.

... and among Westinghouse Scientists



Metal flaws and fractures which escape ordinary microscopic examination may become visible when the surface is given a high polish. Westinghouse research metallographist, Mildred Ferguson is an expert at this highly-specialized method of examination.

When a sample of metal which has been polished by Miss Ferguson's method is examined under the microscope even the tiniest flaw shows up and the experienced metallurgist is able to predict how that metal is likely to behave under certain conditions.

Miss Ferguson, who in this and other ways participates in the never-ending search for better metals, came to Westinghouse Research Laboratories after a year in Westminster College. In the evenings she studied at Carnegie Institute of Technology, where she received her degree in 1943—the first woman to receive an engineering degree from that institution.

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Kathy

A story about a girl and a lonely soldier and the spirit of Christmas, which will twang your heartstrings

By MARY BRINKER POST

KATHY came stamping in to the house, shaking the snowflakes off her bright wool fascinator, her cheeks glowing, her eyes lighted. "It's snowing!" she cried to the household in general. "We're going to have a white Christmas."

Her mother glanced up from the khaki sweater she was knitting and smiled wanly at her daughter.

"Is it? That's nice. I like the first snow."

Kathy flipped the pages of the little calendar on the desk. With careful casualness she said, as if the thought had just occurred to her, "Why, Mom, speaking of Christmas, do you know it's only a week from today?"

"Really?" Her mother's voice was tired, unenthusiastic. She looked down at her knitting and sighed. "I—I guess I haven't kept very good track of the days. I haven't thought much about it—this year."

"Oh, but Mom!" Kathy stopped at a signal from her father. He glanced at his wife, then at Kathy and shook his head. "Well, I—I guess I haven't either," she finished lamely and slumped down before the fireplace where George, the cat, lay luxuriating in the warmth of the glowing logs.

Kathy sat with her knees hunched up to her chin, rubbing George's ears and trying to keep from crying. Of course she'd been thinking about Christmas. She'd been thinking about it for weeks—ever since the stores put up their silver and blue decorations and the newspaper started printing the little box on the front page

with the warning, "Shop Early! Only 28 Shopping Days left till CHRISTMAS." She'd gone home and counted the money in her piggy bank—there was only \$1.97 since she'd bought her War Bond—and began planning ways to earn more money for presents. Naturally they wouldn't have a very lavish Christmas this year; she didn't expect that. Daddy was putting all he could spare from expenses into War Bonds now that Jack was in the Army and overseas. "It's the least we can do to help our boy," he'd said in a funny, gruff, embarrassed voice.

But still she'd never for the moment thought that there wouldn't be a Christmas. Why, that would be like thinking there wouldn't be Mom and Dad and the little house on Walnut Street, or that there would not be an America! Because, thought Kathy in a sudden flash of certainty, America and the family and Christmas were all sort of mixed up together; they were somehow—one!

She winked the tears back and dug her fingers into the cat's deep plush fur. It was the war, the awful war that had changed everything, that had taken Jack, who was such a swell brother and just beginning to talk to her like a person instead of a child, away from them. And now it was taking Christmas away, too. She swallowed hard. It was almost too much to bear.

"Kathy, my dear," said her father behind her. He had risen from the sofa, with his newspaper in one hand, and was looking down at her. "Your mother and I have talked it all over and decided that this year

saves

Christmas



"Please let me carry your packages home for you," offered the tall soldier shyly.

—with the war and all—we won't try to do much for Christmas. We knew you'd understand. It isn't as though you were a little girl any more."

"With Jack away I—I just haven't the heart for Christmas," said her mother in a bleak voice. She got up quickly, rolling her knitting in a clean towel and went upstairs.

"I understand, Daddy," said Kathy unsteadily, her throat dry, and the unshed tears hot and prickly behind her eyes.

It wasn't just for herself that she felt so bad. It was for Mom and Dad, too. Other years the house for days before now would have been fragrant with spicy smells. There'd be cedar wreaths in the windows and much excited whispering going on behind closed doors. Her mother's face would be flushed from baking cookies and fruit cakes and her eyes bright and eager. Daddy would be jolly and hearty, bringing in mysterious packages and warning

everyone on pain of death to stay away from his closet. Oh, it wasn't just the gifts or the holiday food. It wasn't even the cedar boughs or the tree they'd decorated on Christmas Eve. It was the joyousness, the fun of planning, the wonderful, heart-warming feeling of the family together, celebrating something dear and familiar. This and something more, too—something always a bit mysterious and beyond words that you felt in the fire-scented church with the candles bright and the carols ringing out clear and lovely—was Christmas.

"I haven't the heart for Christmas." Her mother's words haunted Kathy all week. She went about buying her simple gifts—a little plastic horse for Daddy's desk, at the office, a bottle of heavenly smelling cologne to cheer up Mom, a few inexpensive trinkets for her friends—with a heavy heart.

Two days before Christmas Kathy was dashing along with her arms full of bundles and her head down against the wind, not thinking where she was going, too worried to pay attention to the people in the street. Suddenly she bumped smack into someone and her bundles flew in all directions.

"Oh, gosh!" she cried, and looked up at the tall, brown soldier standing awkwardly before her.

"Gee, I'm sorry," he said and bent to help her pick up
(Continued on page 56)



Patrice christens the "Princess Pat," a four-motored bomber.



The finishing touches go on as Patrice waits for her curtain call.



The youngest singer ever to appear on the Metropolitan Opera stage takes her first bow this season

By HELEN CFANCIMINO
Associate Editor

SATURDAY afternoon, and a turn of your radio dial brings you magic music. Settled comfortably in a living-room chair, you enjoy the same fine singing that has attracted an audience of hundreds to the Metropolitan Opera House in New York City. From the outside there is nothing about the Metropolitan Opera House to show you that it is the mecca of singers and music lovers the hemisphere over. The weather-beaten opera house seems to withdraw with shabby dignity from the uproar of near-by Times Square, but at performance time the old theater comes alive. The big doors swing wide, lights blaze, men in top hats and tails, ladies in mink wraps and evening gowns, girls in sloppy Joes and saddle shoes, soldiers and sailors, grimy-nailed mechanics pour in to fill the house. From the boxes to the dress circle to peanut heaven, opera lovers all, they sit waiting for the conductor to appear in the orchestra pit and for the great golden curtains of the Metropolitan stage to part.

This season, the youngest singer ever to join the Metropolitan appears behind the footlights to win the whole-hearted applause of critical opera goers with the beauty of her coloratura-soprano voice. Eighteen-year-old Patrice Munsel is as good to look at as she is to hear. She has a trim figure, shoulder-length, shining dark hair, and lively brown eyes. Although she has earned her honors, Patrice is still a little overwhelmed at her good fortune. But singing with the famous stars of opera in the country's most renowned opera house hasn't affected Patrice's friendly, open manner. The Met's newest and youngest singer has a very special American brand of charm.

Patrice's home is in Spokane, Washington, but if you went to visit her in the New York hotel where she lives with her attractive mother, you wouldn't have any trouble finding the right apartment. As you stepped off the elevator, you would hear a clear sweet voice of surprising volume filling the hall

with melody. Mrs. Munsel, who is an accomplished pianist; accompanies her daughter and they work together during the long hours of voice practice. Patrice and her mother came east when Patrice was fourteen because the girl's voice showed such promise that experts had advised that she continue her studies seriously. William Herman, noted New York singing teacher, was so impressed with her possibilities that he offered Patrice a scholarship of \$1,000. Then came three years of the hard work that goes to make any artist good.

Patrice was only seventeen when she tried out last spring for the Metropolitan Opera Auditions of the Air, a radio program to encourage young singers. Patrice's appearance on the program was her professional debut. All of the six hundred other contestants were older and most of them had had actual experience. Patrice selected a difficult aria and when her turn came she was so excited and nervous, she wasn't sure she could sing.

"But as soon as I started to sing," Patrice said, "all the nervousness disappeared."

The youngest singer ever to take first prize in the auditions, Patrice walked off with a silver plaque, \$1,000, and a contract with the Metropolitan.

"That's what I'm proudest

of," Patrice added quietly. "Being the youngest singer ever to win a Metropolitan contract."

Patrice has every reason to be proud, because she's outstanding proof that American-born, American-trained singers have reached the top in opera.

Patrice left high school when she came east, but that didn't mean an end to her studying. It was just the beginning.

"I had to know French and Italian thoroughly to really understand what I was singing," she told us, "and I learned more English grammar while I was studying French and Italian than I ever knew before. Besides that, I had a list of books to read that would keep me up to date with high school students my age."

A good opera star acts as well as sings and, to give a fine performance, she must understand the role she is portraying.

"It would take me years to learn a part the way I'd like to," Patrice went on seriously, "but there just isn't that much time. I know eight operas now and I had as much as six months to work on some of them, but right now I'm learning two operas in eight weeks and that's a lot of homework!"

Last summer Patrice made one of her rare visits home to see her dad who is a dentist in Spokane. While there, Patrice

gave a benefit performance for the Red Cross, sang for five thousand servicemen, and was made an honorary colonel at Geiger Field, near Spokane.

"I spent almost the whole day at Geiger Field and I had a wonderful time. I fired a machine gun, christened a bomber, reviewed the troops, and decorated 275 men!"

Most of Pat's friends are the Spokane girls and boys with whom she used to swim, ride horseback, play badminton, and ski before she came east. Sometimes they come to New York and Patrice likes to show them the town and go dancing. She loves popular music, too, and is an Ella Fitzgerald fan.

"I'd like to collect popular records, but we have so many opera records now there's hardly room enough for us to move around," Patrice laughed.

Pat has other interests besides opera, though she doesn't have much time for them. She enjoys sewing and makes many of her own clothes. She likes to draw and she loves sports. Hollywood is interested in Patrice Munsel, but though she thinks it would be fun to try the movies, her real love is the opera.

You might think that Patrice has arrived, but she feels all this is just a beginning.

"There's a lot more studying ahead of me," Pat ended up.

At Geiger Field, Washington, Honorary Colonel Patrice Munsel reviews the troops and decorates 275.



THE MYSTERY of the THIEVING SPOOKS

In spite of the Spooks' warning, the girls continued hot on the trail, never guessing what they'd stumble into!

By ISABELLE COREY

THE STORY UP TO NOW

Jill Watson wished that she could solve the mystery of the stolen bank bonds and win the \$1000 reward. But Babs Morley was more interested in Bayberry Hill's smaller robberies by the Spooks who stole strange things and left them in front of the Finnegan's house. The girls stopped off at Deadwood Isle to explore a house built by Mr. Ecks, who had been drowned and whose body had never been found. Before his death he warned that his spirit would haunt the island. The house was locked but Jill saw a tiny brown face at the window. The Morley house was robbed by the Spooks and Petunia, the maid, was bound and gagged. Sure there was a connection between Mr. Ecks' house and the Spooks, the girls went back to investigate. The house was open, but a door locked behind them and a ghostly voice like Mr. Ecks' filled the room. The girls escaped, but a storm wrecked their boat. They swam to a rocky ledge where Jill found a code message arranging a midnight meeting of the Spooks at Birchpoint Landing. But nobody was there except Mike, a dirty ragamuffin who had begged food from the Morleys. Back home, the girls received a warning from the Spooks. Now go on with Chapter Six.



Suddenly something dark and engulfing dropped on her head.

THIS proves the Spooks knew we waited for them tonight at Birchpoint Landing," said Jill. "I wonder if they saw us find the secret note."

Babs looked doubtful. "There wasn't a person in sight."

Jill frowned meditatively. "Suppose there's a cave in that cliff. Suppose they watched us from there, saw us take the note. Wouldn't that explain how they found out?"

"Oh!" Babs exclaimed. "A cave! That would explain everything." Her cheeks were

flushed with excitement. "Let's hunt for it tomorrow."

"Yes," Jill said, "and this time we won't tell anybody, not even Ronnie and Dave. We don't want to take any chances of this leaking out."

Early the next day they went to the lonely spot, cutting across the field of scrub oak and weary bushes to a natural flight of steps in the cliff, which led down to the water. They explored every crevice, every nook in the cliff. But there was no cave to be found. Finally, scratched and disheveled, they

scrambled back over the rocks and up the side of the cliff. As they started across the field, Babs said gloomily, "At the rate we're going, we'll never get Eddie Finnegan out of jail. Oh!" Her hands beat the air wildly above her head. "A bee!"

"Don't move," Jill cried, "or he'll sting you."

The bumblebee, now thoroughly enraged, came at Babs with a buzzing vengeance. In desperation she turned and fled, zigzagging across the field, and waving her arms.

Jill watched her go, and wished she would learn to stand still when she saw a bee. But Babs' terror of bumblebees was a thing she couldn't seem to overcome.

"Look out!" Jill shouted suddenly.

The warning came too late. Babs had already rushed headlong into a tall clump of bushes. A second later there was a startled scream.

Running to the spot, Jill called her. "Babs, are you all right?" No answer. Thoroughly alarmed, Jill pressed the branches aside, but they were too thick to see through. Once more she called, and this time there was a faint reply, but so faint that if she hadn't been listening for it she would not have heard it. Deciding that Babs must be somewhere in the heart of the bushes, caught probably, Jill struggled through in search of her.

She had not gone far when she found herself in a tiny clearing. The branches formed an arch overhead, and only a small patch of sky was visible. In the center of the clearing was a round hole in the ground.

Cautiously she looked into the hole. For a moment the contrast of bright sunlight followed by sudden darkness blinded her.

"Here I am," a voice called from the cavern.

"Babs!" she gasped. "How..."

"I fell through," Babs grinned, rubbing a bruised knee, "like Alice in Wonderland. Only this isn't a rabbit's hole. Come on down. There's a ladder fastened to the side."

Jill found the ladder. When she reached the bottom of it she was surprised again.

"It's a regular room!" she exclaimed. "A furnished room!"

Although not large, the underground chamber into which Babs had unwittingly stumbled was cozy and snug even though it was littered with old newspapers, tin cans, and empty bottles. The walls and ceiling were lined with lumber. A rug covered the earthen floor. A kerosene stove stood against

one wall and a cot against the other. Next to the stove was a cupboard, and in the center of the room, a table and three chairs. At the opposite end, near the head of the cot, hung a burlap curtain.

"Look!" Babs cried. "That's my blanket—on that cot!" She jumped to her feet, forgetting her bruised knee, and stared at the blue blanket with her own monogram.

"And those candlesticks!" Jill exclaimed in the same breathless manner. "They were stolen from the Latimers!"

"Jill, you don't suppose..."

"We've discovered the Spooks' hideout!"

"This is one time I'm glad a bee chased me," Babs grinned. "I'd never in a thousand years dream of going through those bushes and falling in."

"But didn't you see the hole?" Jill asked.

"No. How could I? That covered it." Babs pointed to bits of scattered sod and splintered wood at her feet.

Jill crossed the room to the cupboard, and opened the door. With a clatter and bang shoes,

dishes, table silver, everything, tumbled out. Then something dark and engulfing dropped over her head. She thought the Spooks had caught her until she heard Babs laugh. The next moment she was free.

"You looked so funny fighting yourself," Babs said as she gathered up the huge garment.

"What is it?" Jill panted.

Babs spread it out. "Looks like a jacket. Remember, Petunia definitely saw a giant. No one else could wear it."

Jill looked down at the scattered articles about her. "We'd better put these things back," she said, picking up a small pair of shoes and a can of beans. "We don't want the Spooks to know we've been here. What do you suppose they've done with the rest of the things?" She frowned, closing the cupboard door.

Babs shrugged her shoulders. "Probably sold what they didn't leave at the Finnegans'. Though you'd think the police would

Babs glanced into the darkness. "I feel as if we were being followed," she said shakily to Jill with a forced laugh.





A second later the sheriff's head popped up. Smoldering with rage, he glared at Jill and Babs.

have found out. Isn't that how they catch criminals?"

Babs stood up. "I suppose we'd better go now, and tell the sheriff about this so he can arrest the Spooks and free Eddie."

"Wait a sec," Jill said. "We haven't seen what's behind this curtain." She lifted one side of the limp burlap. "Babs, you'd better bring those two candles. It's pitch black."

As the candlelight fell on a dilapidated table and two broken chairs, she said, "It's a sort of storeroom."

Jill was not so quick to agree. She could feel a slight current of air. Where was it coming from? She stepped further into the darkness. The flame of her candle quivered and almost flickered out. A few more paces and she could see a blank earth wall ahead of her.

"Dead end!" Babs said.

But the candles were still flickering, and Jill insisted that they continue to the very end. A few feet more and . . .

"It's a tunnel!" she exclaimed. Instead of ending, the passage turned sharply to the right, and had deceived them in this manner.

"I wonder where it leads to," Babs said, staring into a limitless length of darkness.

Jill held her candle aloft, but it scarcely penetrated the gloom. "Let's find out. It's awfully draughty in here. Have you got enough matches?"

"Plenty. It's a full box."

They started forward. In the wavery candlelight their shadows looked strange and grotesque. Sometimes they would cover the walls and ceiling. Then suddenly they would shrink to nothing.

Babs glanced back into the darkness. Her shadow looked

like a monstrous giant at that moment.

"I feel as if we were being followed," she said with a forced laugh.

They reached the entrance. Bending down and parting the branches, they gazed out upon the bay. Only the near-by rugged coastline, the distant shore opposite, and the group of small islands were visible. Bayberry Hill was completely cut off by the cliff.

"Why, I know where we are!" Babs exclaimed. "We're inside the bluff!"

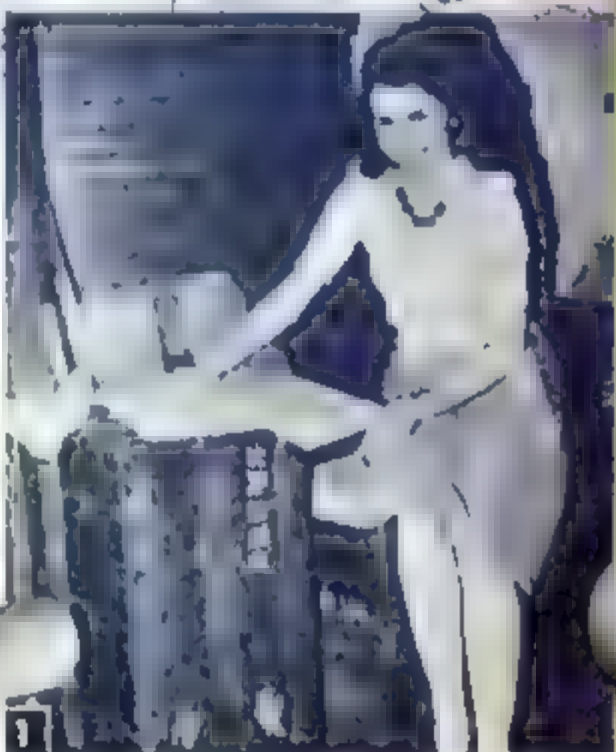
"Imagine being inside land!" Jill said, and thought how strange it seemed to be looking at the bay from this angle. She felt as if she were watching it from another world, and realized that at least one mystery was cleared up.

The Spooks could bring a
(Continued on page 36)

Girls in the NEWS

6:11 PM
 SEP 11 1941

- 1—**Pennsylvania songbird. Laurel Hurley stepped from a church choir in Allentown, Pa., into the role of Kathie in the Broadway production of "The Student Prince." Sixteen-year-old Laurel also earned a long-term contract with J. J. Shubert, which takes care of the future. *Wide World Photo*
- 2—**Junior Air Corps. England's fourteen-to-eighteen-year-old girls volunteer for service in junior groups which prepare them for national service. These Junior Air Corps girls listen to an aeronautical lecture from a cadet flying officer. *British Official Photo*
- 3—**High-kicker. Blonde Agnes Rifner, 16, a high school junior in New Castle, Ind., is the only girl member of her school's football team and one of the few girl drop-kickers anywhere. Agnes practices her specialty: points after touchdowns. *Wide World Photo*
- 4—**Pan-American bazaar. The Parkway Public School, New York, celebrated Pan-American Day with a bazaar. Wearing costumes they made themselves, students honored the other Americas. Jeanne Degner, a 68 pupil, wears the colorful outfit of a young Bolivian miss. *International News Photo*
- 5—**He's no duck! But this happy-go-lucky baby certainly takes to water when a Camp Fire Girl gives him his bath. Learning to care for babies is a Camp Fire Girls war job and, incidentally, one of the jobs the girls love best.



Youth AIRS

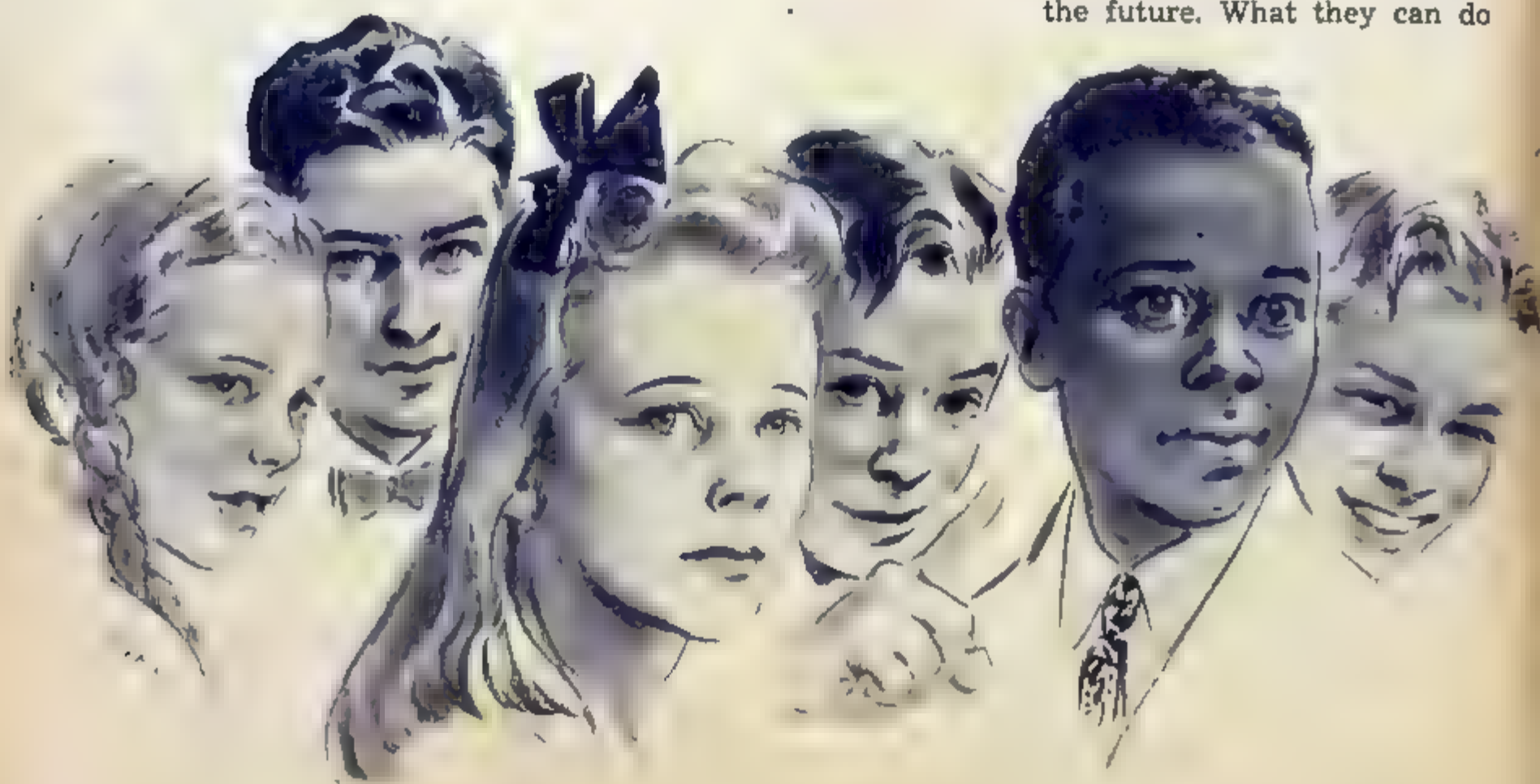
"Tomorrow's citizens," young people of varied ages, nationalities, and races, express their opinion of the world today, and get a hearing on what they want for the world of the future

By DOROTHY GORDON

National Director of Children's Programs,
Office of Civilian Defense

what this discussion is about.

It was at the Times Hall in New York City. We were having the first of our open forum discussions sponsored by the New York Times. Boys and girls from all parts of the city get together to talk things over, to discuss what is happening in the world. How the war is affecting their lives, what kind of world they want to have in the future. What they can do



IF Hitler had lost his voice ten years ago would there have been a war today?"

"Of course," said Robert. "I know he did win over a lot of the German people with his speeches, but even if he had lost his voice he could write, and some of his gangster aides would have carried on for him."

"That's right," said Tommy. "Mein Kampf made the German people feel that all the world was against them and

they had to build airplanes and tanks to protect themselves."

"Why," cried Patricia, "that's nonsense about protection. Hitler said the Germans were the master race and they had to build armaments to conquer all the world. I don't think it mattered whether Hitler lost his voice or not. Voice or no voice, England and the other countries shouldn't have allowed Germany to re-arm."

You are probably wondering

to help build a better world. It was really exciting. The hall itself was filled with young people. We couldn't very well have six hundred girls and boys talking at once, so just as they do at all open forum discussions we had on the platform, besides myself, thirteen girls and boys. That's called the panel, and they lead the discussion before the audience is invited to take part.

Chosen by their schoolmates

ITS VIEWS

after similar discussions in their schools (public, parochial, private) as pupils best able to represent the pupils at the public meeting, they spoke entirely extemporaneously, without foreknowledge of the questions to be talked over. Like the young people in the audience, they were of varied ages, nationalities, races. Young America in action. I was the moderator. The moderator doesn't

"America should not have stayed in the League of Nations," cried Jimmy, "That's the mistake we always make, thinking about Europe. Even George Washington said we should never have any more European entanglements."

"Boo," came from the audience. Jimmy is an isolationist and they didn't like it a bit.

"Patricia, how do you feel about that?" I asked.

really began in 1931 when Japan attacked the Chinese in Manchuria. China begged the western world to stop Japan then and there. That was the time," she turned to Jimmy, "when the isolationists here and in England made the first big mistake."

"I too am afraid England made the error then," said Isabel, the English girl. "Ming Yen is so right. If the League of Nations had been strong, and Japan had been stopped, it would have shown the dictators that the world wouldn't stand for grabbing."

"Sure, you bet," called Tommy. "That would have stopped Mussolini from taking Ethiopia, and . . ."

"That would have stopped



talk. The moderator's job is to ask the questions and to see that everyone sticks to the subject. Sometimes I have to call a halt when everyone talks at once.

Well, let's go back to the forum and see what the young people had to say.

"I don't think Hitler's speeches or his book had anything to do with it," Geraldine said. "If it hadn't been Hitler, it would have been somebody else. America should have stayed in the League of Nations and . . ."

Pat spoke emphatically. "I think if Washington had thought there would be airplanes and radio and all kinds of science to bring the world together as it does today, he would have realized that we are in as much danger from Hitler as any of the European countries. We're talking about Hitler, but what about Japan? This war started before Hitler, didn't it, Ming Yen?"

Ming Yen was the Chinese girl on the panel.

"Yes," she sighed, "this war

Hitler, too," cried Pat, "because he thought if Japan could go into China, and Mussolini could go into Africa, all he had to do was to train the youth in Germany and get plenty of airplanes and tanks and submarines and then he could just grab everything."

Ming Yen said, "I think when the war is over the first thing we will have to do is to feed the starving people of Europe and China, especially the children, who have suffered the most."

(Continued on page 55)



Holiday Headliners





in the MOVIES

By ELIZABETH NICHOLS
Movie Editor

WHEN Grandmother was a girl theater going was an exceedingly rare pleasure. If she lived in the city she was taken during Christmas week to see a pantomime or a Punch and Judy show or a fairy-tale ballet. But if she lived in a small town even her Christmas play going was limited to the "piece" speaking of the church Christmas festival. But don't feel sorry for Grandma! For these were much-looked-forward-to occasions which seemed to climax the cheer and gaiety of the Christmas season. Nowadays, with the movies providing a weekly treat, it is hard to catch the delight of something unusual. But you can if you choose your Christmas-week movie from among the festive holiday headliners illustrated on these pages.

1—"The White Cliffs" begins during the last war with Irene Dunne's marriage to a Britisher, who is killed at the front. It continues through her years of adjustment to English life until her son, too, is sacrificed in the present war. (MGM)

2—The Brooklyn Dodgers dress up in whiskers, not the better to scare you with, my dears, but to help Red Skelton make "Whistling in Brooklyn" a wondrous laugh riot as well as a Mystery. (MGM)

3—This is but one of the many beautiful scenes from "The Song of Bernadette." The role of Bernadette was given to a newcomer, Jennifer Jones, in order to avoid any suggestion of other film characters in portraying the religious girl. (Fox)

4—Guess how many candles were on the piece of cake Susanna Foster is feeding to Donald O'Connor, add them to the sixteen still on the cake and you have an important birthday for Angela, in "This Is the Life," a Sinclair Lewis Story. (Univ.)

5—Private Hargrove's pals stake him to courtin' cash and go along to see that their investment is soundly used in "See Here, Private Hargrove." Robert Walker, of "Bataan" fame, is the hero. (MGM)

6—When Deanna Durbin acted with Franchot Tane in "Nice Girl" she was too young to win him, remember? In "His Butler's Sister" Tane is a noted composer and Deanna works as a maid in his house, hoping he will hear her sing. She is now old enough for a happy ending. (Univ.)

7—Richard Tregaski's firsthand account of the landing of Marines on Guadalcanal has been filmed with the cooperation of the U. S. Marine Corps. Above, William Bendix, Lloyd Nolan, Lionel Stander aboard a troop ship in "Guadalcanal Diary." Strong stuff, but true. (Fox)

8—John Wayne is in the tails of the law in this scene from "In Old Oklahoma," exciting drama of the oil boom. But he clears himself and wins Martha Scott. (Rep.)

GLORIFYING THE
ROMANTIC
PIONEER
SPIRIT
OF AMERICA



Sweeping across the screen with breath-taking dramatic intensity . . . a romance rich in the heritage of American pioneer heroism . . . immortalizing the men who conquered the earth for the women they loved . . . brought to pulse-quicken life by a brilliant star-crowded cast!

JOHN WAYNE • MARTHA SCOTT
ALBERT DEKKER
IN OLD OKLAHOMA
Based on the Famous Novel by Larry Green with
Screenplay by
Starring **RAMBEAU HAYES**
Guest **WITHERS**

IT'S A **Republic** PICTURE

New Tricks

Paper really goes places this year to make purse-kind presents that will delight your family and your friends

By BETTY ABBOT

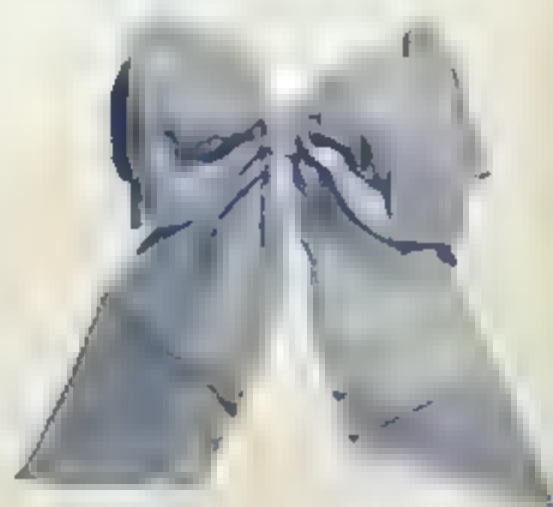
DID you know that such oddly assorted articles as bedroom slippers, dressing-table skirts, and a gadget doll can be made of the same material? It can be done, by you, and cheaply, too. The secret is crepe paper, and how you twist it. You can fill your whole Christmas list from a few packages of this versatile material. We guarantee it will earn you more than your share of Yuletide thank-you's.

If you've always longed for one of those dainty dressing tables that grace the glamorous bedrooms of interior decorating magazines, probably your big sister has, too. Why don't you play dream Santa to her, and make her one? Get three orange crates from the family grocer. Stand them on end and nail them firmly together. The partition in the orange crate makes a shelf.

across in both directions to form $1\frac{1}{2}$ " squares. Make two crepe-paper ruffles, each a little more than half the depth of the table, to fit around the sides and front. Stitch $\frac{3}{4}$ " paper ribbon along the edges of the ruffles. Gather them softly on heavy thread and tack one around the top of the dressing table, and the other around the partition. Tie a large ribbon around the top of the table and touch it off with a bow. The skirt will take 8 packages of paper and 5 yards of ribbon. Remember to measure twice the distance of the three sides so you'll have a nice full skirt. You can do the same thing in miniature on a candy box for your little sister's doll house.

Or you can use just one orange crate and make a bedside table. Treat it exactly the same way. Or just put the ruffles on two sides and cover the shelves with quilted crepe paper

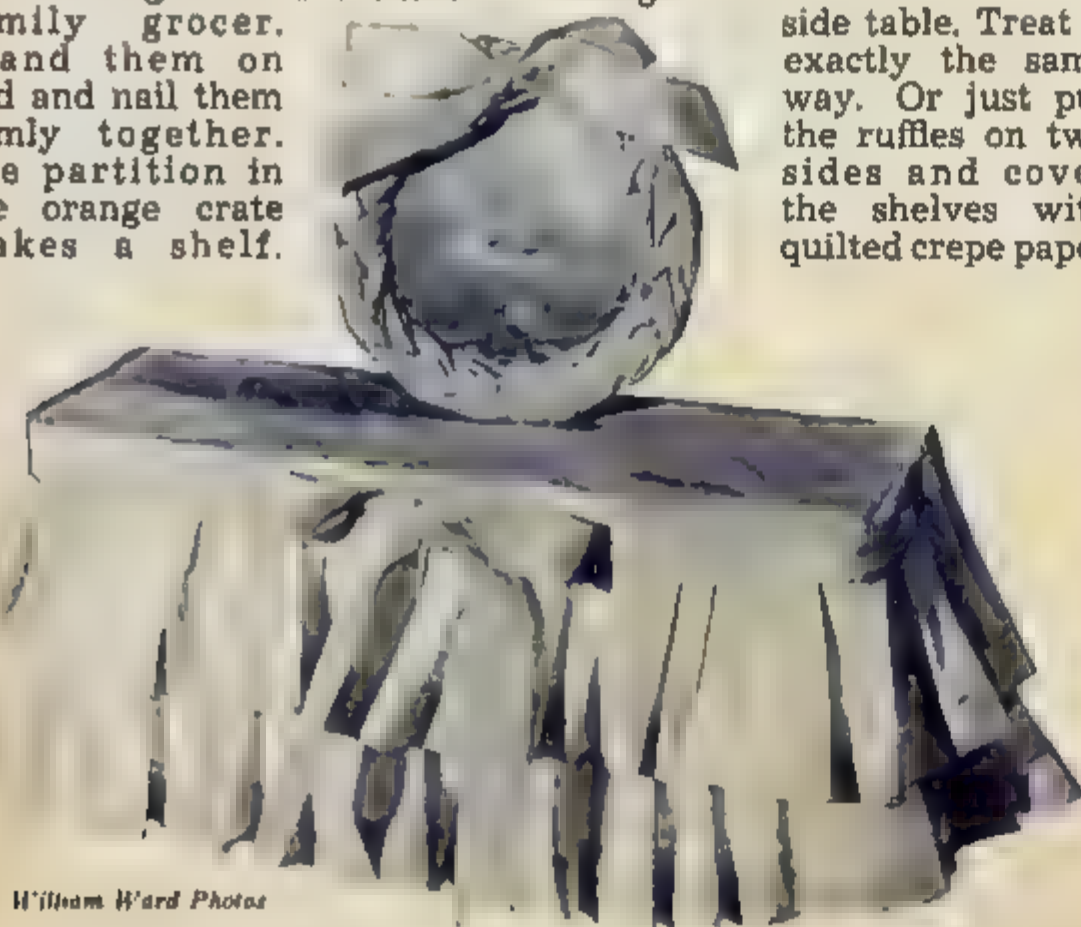
with a bow. For the miniature table, use a pocket mirror or cardboard-reinforced tinfoil for the matching mirror.



And for another gay touch to the room, make a big, smashing crepe-paper bow, as wide as the bed, to go above the bed. Stretch the crepe paper as much as possible first. You and a friend each take one end of the paper, wrap it two or three times around a yardstick and pull gently but firmly till you remove all the wrinkles. Tie it into a luscious bow almost the width of the bed and tack it above the bed.



Aunts, mothers, sisters, cousins, all would appreciate a slip cover of crepe paper for their old lamp shade, and it is the easiest of all to make. Cut a straight piece of crepe paper the length of the bottom circumference of the lamp shade and just one inch taller than the shade. Stitch a piece of rib-



William Ward Photos

Cover the ends of the crates, which now form the top of the dressing table, with a double thickness of crepe paper, which has been quilted by stitching

for a book and knickknack shelf.

Make a thick braid of crepe paper to glue around the dressing-table mirror, topped again

On Gifts

bon flat along the lower edge. Next, gather the paper two inches from the top to fit the shade. Stitch another ribbon over the gathers, leaving long ends. Tie the shade in place, making a bow with the ends.

Even bedroom slippers may be made of this crepe paper, and will please anyone in this day of shoe rationing. First get a pair of inner soles the proper size and heel lifts at your five and ten. Glue the heels on the soles. Then cut crepe paper in 2"-wide strips. (It's easiest to cut it right through the paper as folded, and unfold later.) Stretch each



strip fully and draw through your hands to crush it. Use 4 strands of this stretched paper for each strand of a 3-strand braid (12 strands in all). Braid very tightly, pressing between your thumb and forefinger to make the braid as flat as possible. Starting in the center of the top of the sole with a straight strip of braid about 3" long, glue the braid firmly round and round, like an oblong coil of rope, until the sole is completely covered. Sew together, side by side, 3 or 4 more pieces of braid, long enough to fit over the toes, gluing firmly to the underside. Then cover the bottom of the sole with braid just like the top. Bring an extra length of braid around the raised portion of the heel lift. Scuffs for your dad or your brother will require 1 package of crepe-paper.

Ladies' slippers may be made in the same way, except the top piece is narrower, 2 braids wide, goes around the heel and crosses over the instep. Where it stands up at the back of the heel, sew it firmly to the sole. Trim with a pompon where the straps cross. And don't forget, you can use different colors of paper in your braids for



two- or even three-tone effects.

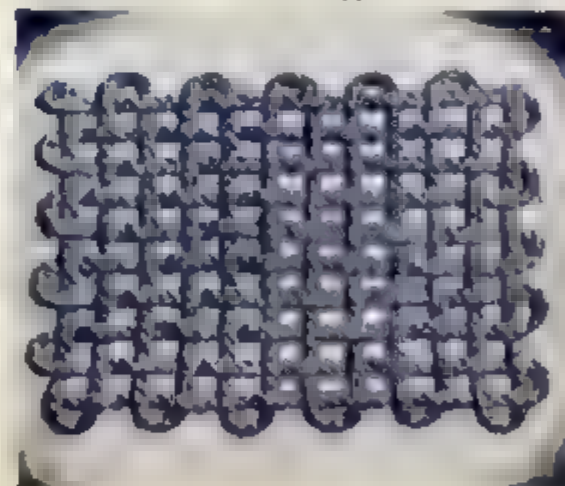
A more ambitious enterprise would be to make a bag or a beanie, or even both as a set. You must know how to crochet to attempt this ensemble, but if you can't crochet, you can make similar sets of crepe-paper braid sewed together like a braided rag rug. You will need 1 package for the beanie and 1 for the bag.

Cut the paper in 1/2"-wide strips. Stretch and twist the strands. Use a No. 3 steel crochet hook. The beanie is a circle increased just enough to keep it flat until about 5 3/4" diameter, then enough rows without increasing are added to make the cap fit. Double crochet is used after the first two or three rows of the circle are made. The last two or three rows are also single crochet. Trim with a ribbon bow.

Two 8" circles of double crochet are used for the bag. They are crocheted together a little more than halfway around the edge with single crochet and picot. The handle

and fastening are made of chains of required lengths with one row of single crochet and one row of double crochet around them. Both are sewed in place and a button is used for the fastening. If you like, the bag may be lined.

Gay table mats are always a welcome gift and crepe-paper ones are quite different. Cut 1/2"-deep notches, 1/2" apart, all around a piece of firm cardboard the size you want your mat, say 11" by 17". Cut and stretch 2"-wide strips of paper again. Braid them tightly and firmly, 3 single strands together. When it is necessary to piece, overlap the ends 1/2" and paste separately. Do not piece all three strands at one place but stagger the joinings. You will need about 10 feet of braid in all. Start in one corner of the card, leaving about 3" extra braid extending. Draw the braid across the card, loop it around a notch, then back across the card again, around



the next notch on the opposite side and so back and forth down the length of the card. When you get to the end, loop around the corner and into the end notch and then start back and forth the other way, weaving over and under the other braids as you come to them. Glue the end, glue the crossings. Then slip the loops off the notches, and you have a mat. Give it a protective coat of clear white shellac—two coats if you wish a glossy finish. It takes 1 package of paper for each mat.

Everybody likes gadget dolls. Crepe paper makes especially attractive ones. Cut
(Continued on page 50)

Let's Talk Things Over

By ALICE BARR GRAYSON



You don't need to go to extremes to get in oil your reading and dreaming.

I am very lazy. I know I should help my mother, but I just don't. I don't play because I would rather stay indoors and read or write. Any advice would be appreciated.—Dorothy I., aged 14, Massachusetts.

LABELS are bad—when put on people! They may stick too long—even a good while after they have become no longer appropriate. When we say of ourselves that we are careless, lazy, or indifferent, for instance, we are telling the world we are accepting some difficulty within ourselves and letting it go at that. We all have our good and bad moments; but we should try to do as much as we can with and for ourselves, so that we may be as well-balanced, healthy, happy, and useful as possible.

It is not at all unusual for a girl in her teens sometimes to be less peppy than she has been before. She may be growing fast in many new ways. There are changes in her glands, bones, and many other parts of her body. Changes also come in her thoughts and feelings. Sometimes, during these interesting years, a girl just feels like lying

around, going to bed earlier, sitting more, or having more time to dream and to be alone with her thoughts. But no one needs to go to constant extremes. A very important thing is to have the family doctor check up and give any suggestions he may feel necessary—for example, as to

rest, diet, exercise, less pressure as to school achievements, and so on. The doctor will, of course, want his patient to live as normal a life as she can; and he will want her to be as active as possible, working and playing with other young people as well as assuming her share of home and other responsibilities.

Dorothy's folks can well understand her need to be alone sometimes (and some girls need more of this than others), but they also want her to take part in the life around her.

I am Jewish, and very proud of it, but I am left out of everything simply because I am Jewish. I know things like this are not right, but I don't see much I can do about it. Can you help me?—Diana S., aged 12, Pennsylvania.

WE are quite sure that Diana hasn't really been left out of everything. We can well understand her wanting

to feel sure that she really belongs. We all want to be loved and needed—at first by our own folks, then by our school pals, and gradually by an ever-widening circle of friends and fellow citizens.

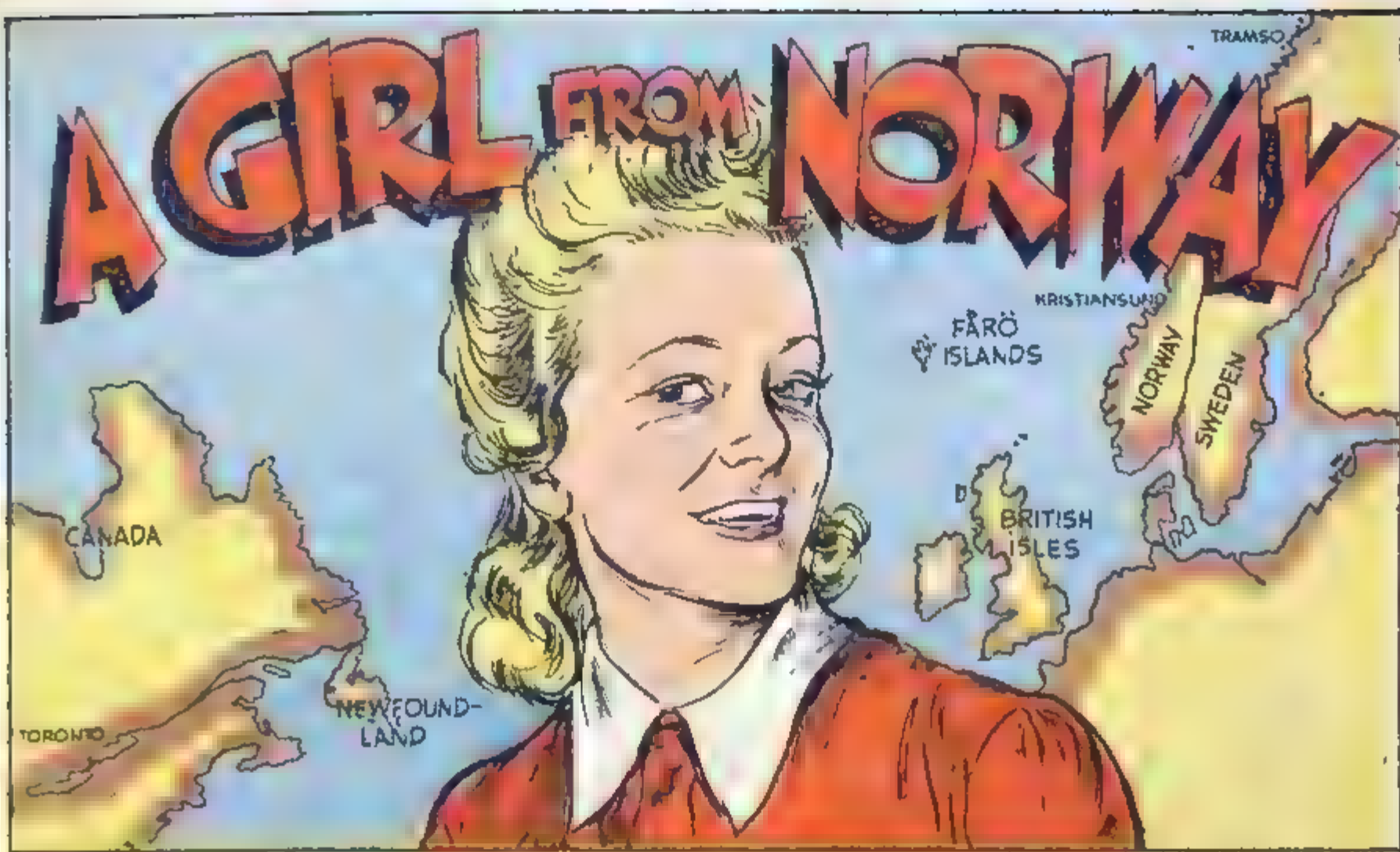
The problem about which Diana writes us is a real and serious one, for, unfortunately, in all parts of the world there are many people with deep prejudices toward others—individuals who do not understand others, or who have had things happen to them which have made them bitter, hostile, or suspicious. And it is not only because of religion or race that one may be disliked or excluded. Some people are prejudiced against those whose skin color is different, or who wear another kind of clothes, speak another language, live on the other side of the railroad tracks, or eat different foods.

Diana says she is proud that she is Jewish. Pride of race, country, or religion can be valuable, but only if it does not mean considering other groups inferior or unworthy. There is no such thing as a master race, as the Nazis claim. There is no slave race. There are different races, different religions, different nations—and each has a valuable role to play in the world's culture. There is no greater lesson for all of us to learn than this—when we think of the better, happier world we want after the war.

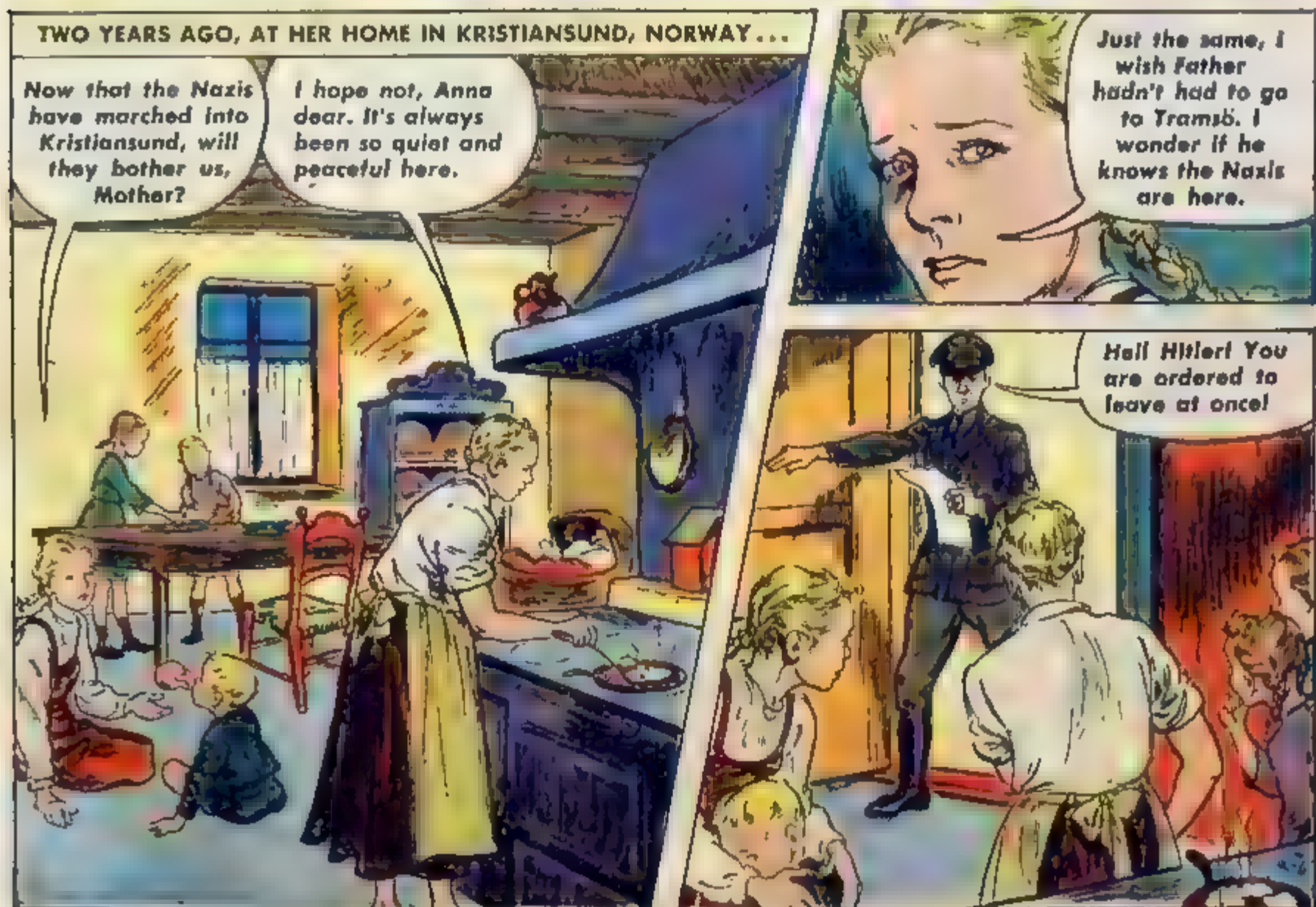
It is good to remember that there are many fine people throughout the world—Christian and Jew, white and Negro, tall or short, skilled workers and those unskilled—who do not go around bearing deep-seated grudges against other members of the human family. Instead, they respect differences and enjoy them. They know that we all have much in common and need one another

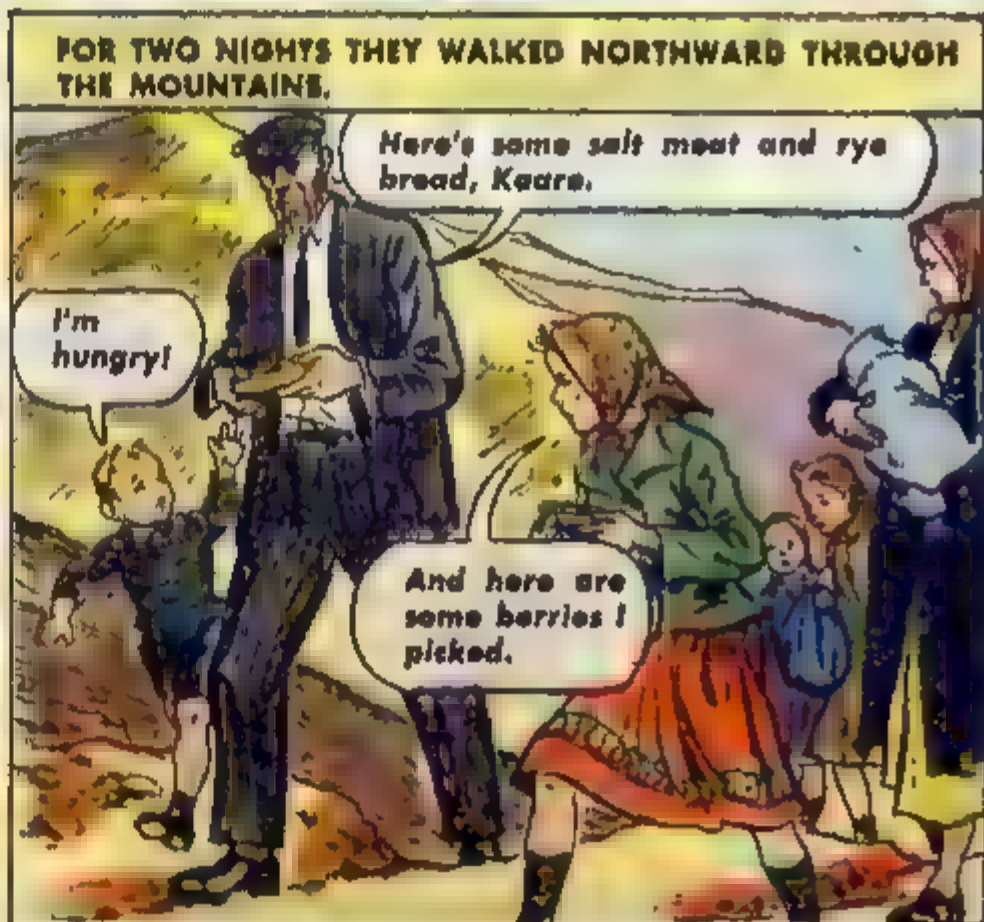
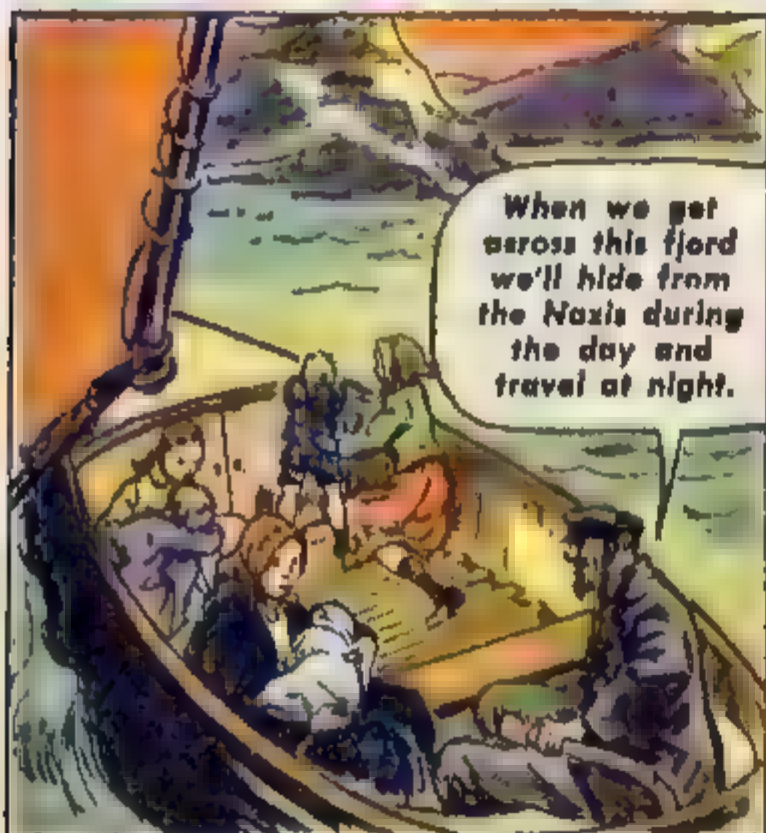
(Continued on page 54)

AIRING problems usually brings comfort and practical suggestions. Won't you write and tell Alice Barr Grayson what's on your mind? If you sign your complete name and address (they won't be printed) and state your age, a personal reply will be sent you—unless, of course your problem or one just like yours is answered in this department. Write to Mrs. Grayson, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N.Y.



ANNA NOVIK, SIXTEEN-YEAR-OLD REFUGEE, CARRIES ON IN CANADA TO HELP WIN HER COUNTRY'S FREEDOM







Oh, I'm so tired.
But if little Kaare
can take it, I can!



Can you take
us to Tramsö?

I can take you most of the
way, but you'll have to walk
the last part of the trip.

FINALLY, AFTER A WEEK, THE NOVIK
FAMILY REACHED A HAVEN IN TRAMSÖ.



Oh, Grandfather! I'm so glad to see you.

The Nazis have
occupied this
town, too. They
must not find
you.



That noise! Is it thunder,
Grandfather?

No, dear. It is
fighting to the
south. Even
your home
town has been
bombed and
burned.



OTTAR NOVIK
DISAPPEARED FOR A
WEEK, AND THEN ONE
NIGHT . . .

Get up, my daughters.
We must leave
immediately.



It's a game, children. Stay in
the shadows and see how
quiet you can be.

A grim game.
If we are
caught . . .



To my schooner which is
in the islands. Remember,
not a sound, Kaare.

Where are
we going,
Father?

Even the oarlocks
are wrapped in
cloth so they
make no sound.

WITH ANNA'S UNCLES, AUNTS, AND COUSINS THE LITTLE PARTY GREW TO NUMBER TWENTY-THREE.

Now we go to Canada!

Oh, I hate to leave Norway, my beautiful land.

By day we will hide from Nazi patrol boats until we leave Norwegian waters.

WHEN THEY HAD GATHERED THEIR SUPPLIES, THE LITTLE BOAT STARTED ON THE ROUTE THE VIKINGS SAILED TWO THOUSAND YEARS AGO.

TEN DAYS LATER, THEY REACHED THE FARÖ ISLANDS.

At last we can get provisions. We had no time to collect any in our rush.

It will be nice to eat something besides rye bread.

AFTER DAYS OF SAILING ACROSS THE NORTHERN ATLANTIC ...

Land! It must be Newfoundland, the end of our long voyage!

BUT IT WAS NOT THE END! OTTAR NOVIK DECIDED TO SAIL TO VANCOUVER WHERE HE COULD USE HIS BOAT TO SUPPORT HIS FAMILY. SO FOR TWO MONTHS THEY SAILED TO THE CARIBBEAN, THROUGH THE PANAMA CANAL, UP THE PACIFIC COAST TO VANCOUVER.

SHORTLY AFTER THEY WERE COMFORTABLY SETTLED IN VANCOUVER . . .

Mother, I want to work at the Royal Norwegian Air Force headquarters in Toronto.

You're almost fifteen, Anna, and that's not very old. But if you can help Norway . . .

SO ANNA OFFERED HER SERVICES, AND AT LAST . . .

They say they'll find something for me to do!

Don't worry, Mother. Someday we'll be together again.

AND AFTER A LONG TRIP ACROSS CANADA, ANNA REACHED TORONTO.

Welcome, Miss Novik. You'll find many loyal Norwegian friends here!

ANNA DOES OFFICE WORK, KNITS, SERVES AT THE CANTINE . . .

Vi er så glad de er med oss, Anna.

I pray daily for the time we'll go home again. Meanwhile I'm glad to do my small share to help free Norway.

Half Pint of COURAGE

Dena was a sophomore, but she was so little she looked like a fifth-grader and her classmates just didn't take her seriously

By ADELE DE LEEUW

Author of "Linda Marsh" and "Gay Design"

WHEN Dena came out of the school door, a gust of icy wind blew her scarf over her head, and a swirl of thick snow blurred her eyes. The children were still playing in the yard, tumbling over each other like little bears in their snow suits.

The school bus panted erratically beyond the gate.

"Get the young ones in here, will you?" Joe yelled at her. "Got to get goin'!"

Dena herded them expertly before her. "In you go!" she commanded, and they piled up the steps and fell, laughing and gasping, onto the worn seats. She settled up front near the driver. "Do you think you can see to drive?" she asked anxiously.

"Know this road forward and backward and upside down," Joe said briefly. "And a good thing, too. A blind man's got as much chance as me today. . . . All set?" He looked around. "Hey, where's Lance? Ain't he here yet?"

The door was flung open, with Joe's words, and Lance hurled himself into the bus.

"Great big hulkin' good-for-nothin'," Joe mumbled, but his eyes gave him away. No one was ever really cross with Lance. He had a crest of red hair and an engaging grin, and Dena hoped she didn't show what she thought about him.

The children piled onto his lap and hung over his shoulders. He was their idol. He was everything that little girls liked—strength and humor and a sense of security—and everything that small boys wanted to be—broad-shouldered and a track star and the best football halfback the school had ever had.

"Hey, Half-Pint, it's a good thing you ride home in the bus. You'd be snowed under in twenty seconds flat," he called to Dena.

She was glad he thought about her that much. But he didn't really consider her much more than the raft of children in the bus. Half-Pint, Midget, Small-Change were his names for her, and the others at school had followed idolatrously in his lead. She couldn't blame them. It wasn't fun being so small that she looked like a fifth-grader when she was a sophomore. Everyone else was shooting up, but not she. And Lance would probably continue to think of her as a midget, a kid like the children in the bus.

"Some storm," Lance observed with satisfaction. "Boy, there ought to be good sledding if this ever stops. Ever been down Crawford's Hill on a toboggan?"

"No," Dena breathed, "but I've always wanted to."

"Swellest sport there is. Feel

like you're going ninety miles an hour."

She waited, hoping. But he didn't ask if she'd like to go down with him. He had never asked if she would like to do something with him.

"Dod blast it," Joe grumbled, above the din, "the wiper's stuck!"

"I'll fix it," Lance volunteered, and Joe stopped. But after a few moments Lance came back, rubbing his ears. "It's broken," he said. "And gleeps, is that a wind!"

"It's ear-freezin' weather, all right," Joe said with bitter certainty.

The world outside was one vast white blur. Joe kept his eyes straining through the frosted glass and muttered under his breath. Dena noticed how tensely his hands gripped the wheel. The edges of the road were lost in the encroaching white fields; landscape and sky were almost one. This was more than falling snow—it was a white blanket pressing down on the earth, covering everything, obliterating all landmarks; it looked as if the sky would never be emptied.

Dena was aware that Timmy had crept up to her and was snuggling close. "Is that a sniffle?" she demanded, looking down at his bright eyes.

He nodded. "It's nothing much. But I forgot my hankie-chiff," he confessed.

Dena lent him hers. "Keep it," she said. "And button your coat, Timmy. Is your head hot?"

He nodded again.

But Dena decided swiftly, "He ought to be in bed. He's

coming down with something." And suddenly she thought, "If we only get through all right." She wasn't worried about herself, or even about the others. But Timmy was different.

She strained her eyes through the white murk. It was a good thing Joe knew his way—you simply couldn't see.

Joe, leaning forward, gave the wheel a powerful heave—too late. The bus slid noiselessly into a high snowbank and gently turned on its side. The engine stuttered and died.

Crumpled up against the side of the bus, Dena heard Joe saying softly, "Well, dod blast it, if that don't beat all!" His voice was so mournful that she laughed out loud.

The children weren't hurt. When they had unscrambled legs and arms and lunch boxes and books, they were all unharmed except for bruises.

Lance and Joe exchanged

looks. Dena knew what they were thinking. They could not right the bus. And they couldn't stay here, in this crazy position. When they forced the door open, Dena drew back involuntarily. Even the unheated bus had been snug and warm compared to outside.

"We'll have to find shelter somewhere," Lance said, but even he sounded doubtful.

All at once Dena cried, "I know! Remember that old shack about a quarter of a mile back? You told me, Joe, it used to belong to some hunters, only it's not used any more. It would do for a shelter."

"If the roof's still on."

"Don't be a gloom, Joe," Lance rallied him. "Let's go. Four walls are something, and even three would be better than none. Listen, kids. I'm the captain, see, and you're my men. We're going scouting." He formed them into a line ac-

cording to strength and size. "You bring up the rear, Dena, and keep counting sheep. Joe, you're the real scout. Go on ahead, but not too far."

The children loved it. They plowed through the drifts, fell, pulled themselves up looking as if they had been rolled in sugar, brushing snow out of their mouths and eyes. Lance started a song, and they bellowed lustily as they wound, snakelike, through the white fields and up to the door of the shack. It was worse than Dena had expected. The door sagged on its hinges, the windows were boarded. There was a hole in the roof, and the chimney looked as if it would topple any moment. Inside, in the dimness and dirt, they discov-



Lance started a song and they bellowed lustily as they wound, snakelike, through the white fields to the shack.

ered a table, a bunk with a frayed blanket, two broken-down chairs, some loose slats.

"But there's a fireplace!" Dena shouted happily. "We can have a fire. You've been a Boy Scout, Lance. Do your stuff!"

It was miserably cold in the shadowy room. The wind whistled through the cracks. Lance and Joe tackled the table, broke it up, wrenched the legs from it and built a fire with the broken slats for kindling.

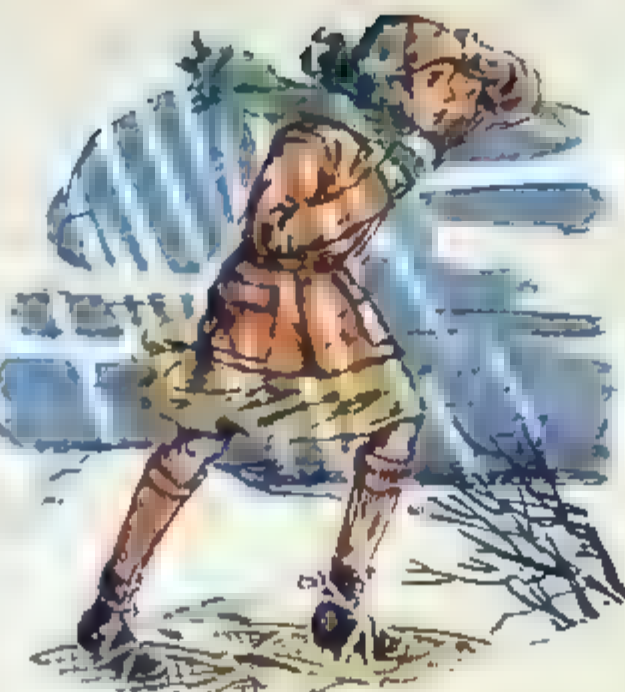
It leaped up hearteningly for a while, and the children watched little pools of water forming on the floor from their snow-crusted suits. But soon the fire began to die down, and the chill seemed even more penetrating than before. "We can't stay here indefinitely," Dena thought, and knew Lance and Joe were thinking the same thing. It was bitter cold. She looked at Timmy, whose eyes were too bright, and shook herself. They simply had to get out of here before night fell.

But how? There had been no cars on the road; this sort of weather people were well content to stay at home. And in this isolated country district there would be smaller and smaller chance, as darkness fell, of anyone passing their way. Even if someone did, he would not see the bus, for by that time the snow would have covered it until it would be only a grotesque snowy mound. Their retreating footsteps would be obliterated. No one would dream that they had made their way to the shack. By morning, with the mercury falling as swiftly as it was . . .

"Somebody's got to get word to folks that we're here," Dena said stoutly.

Lance looked up swiftly. "Yes. I'll have a try at it."

"Don't be a fool," Joe put in sourly. He was talking that way because he was worried. "Nobody would get through this. The nearest farm is Harris', and they haven't got a phone. Besides, they've gone to the city to visit their daughter. You'd have to go on to Apgar's, and that's a good six miles."



She had to get there; they depended on her—on her alone. What if she got lost?

Dena's eyes were roving about the dim shack. Not much here. But maybe it would work. Determination welled in her.

"I'm going to Apgar's," she said firmly.

Lance said sharply, "You're crazy, Half-Pint! Do you think you could make it if I couldn't?"

"Yes," she said. And they looked at her. She drew herself up to her ridiculous four feet eleven inches. "You and Joe are going to make me a pair of snowshoes."

Joe snorted. "I got to have materials to work with—even if I knew how to make 'em."

"There's that wicker chair," she said. It was frayed and sagging and looked utterly useless. "I think you can make a pair, if you'll do as I say. I used to watch Pop Olsen in Minnesota, where we came from. He taught me to use them, too."

They insisted the scheme was cockeyed, but she brushed that aside. "I've got to have a try, anyhow." Under her directions, then, they pulled the wicker chair to pieces—it was an easy job—and they stood holding the long strands that had originally bound the edges. "Now bend them," she ordered.

While Lance held them in place, she got Joe to take his pocketknife and rip the old blanket into narrow strips. With these she laced the bent wicker into permanent shape.

"This is one time I can thank

heaven I'm light," she said. "They wouldn't begin to carry Lance or you, Joe, but they'll take me." She was pulling her knitted cap down, winding her scarf around her ears and tucking it into her coat. "You can strap them on me with the children's book straps," she said calmly. Dena added briefly, "Listen, Lance, you keep them playing games—the running, jumping kind. But not Timmy; I think he's feverish. Try to keep him warm and quiet. I'll be back. With help."

Lance caught at her arm. "You can't do this, Half-Pint! It's a fool's errand. Wait a bit and if the storm dies down, I'll get through."

"We can't wait," she said, her arm circling the room with the huddled children. "I've snowshoed a lot, and I know my way."

With that, before they could stop her again, she opened the door and pushed off. Her heart pounded with excitement. It was slow going at first. The snowshoes were crude and clumsy, but they did hold her up. Past the humped white bus—past the crooked tree near the brook. She plowed ahead, gritting her teeth, wondering if she could bear the intense cold that bit through her coat, paralyzed her legs, froze her nose.

Snow settled in her hair, stung her eyelids. The sky was gray and monotonous, the wind like a whip. The bridge over the millstream. That meant she'd come two miles. Only two miles? Her breath struggled in her throat, her chest felt hot and heavy. This wouldn't do. She leaned against a tree and forced herself to rest, to think calmly. She had to get there; they depended on her—on her alone. What if she got lost? You read about people losing their way in snowstorms, going around and around in circles until they fell from exhaustion. She straightened suddenly. "You goon!" she said aloud, sharply. It made her feel better. She wasn't going to get lost. Take it easy—right foot, left foot, right foot, left foot . . .

Think of Timmy. Think of Joe, feeling so remorseful and worried. Think of Lance, believing she couldn't do it. Right foot, left foot. . . . Her nose felt frozen; she rubbed it and was rewarded with a stinging pain that brought tears to her eyes. Twice she fell to her knees, thrown by submerged branches or a big stone. Slowly she pulled herself to her feet, adjusted the snowshoes that had slipped a little, praying that they would last the trip. Would she never get to Apgar's? Her strength was failing. She could scarcely breathe, and her arms were numb.

She stumbled against something hard and hurting. A fence post. This must mark the boundary of the Apgar farm. Only half a mile—the longest half mile she had ever walked. Up the driveway. Ahead she could dimly see the reassuring

body of the square brown barn, and behind it the bulk of the red barns and the silo. Could she make it? She felt her knees sagging, there was a mist before her eyes, and then things began to turn black.

She pounded on the paneling, willing herself to keep from fainting. A stout, comfortable-looking woman opened the door. Dena fell across the threshold.

"The school bus—everybody at the hunting shack—quarter mile from Gower's Bend—Timmy's sick . . ."

And then the blackness wrapped her round.

When she woke up, she was in bed, with Mrs. Apgar beside her. It was dark outside; a low lamp burned on a table. There were blankets to her chin, a hot-water bottle at her feet. For a minute she didn't want to move or speak. Then recol-

lection came 'flooding' back.

"Did they—was Timmy . . .?"

"Everybody's safe and sound," Mrs. Apgar said heartily. "The tractor went out, sweeping the road, and the fire truck went along, and the ambulance, and my husband's big truck. They brought them all back, not a bit the worse for wear, except for being cold. And it wouldn't surprise me a bit if the Mayor came to see you, and you were all written up in the papers, and they gave you a medal or something."

Dena laughed. "But Timmy . . ."

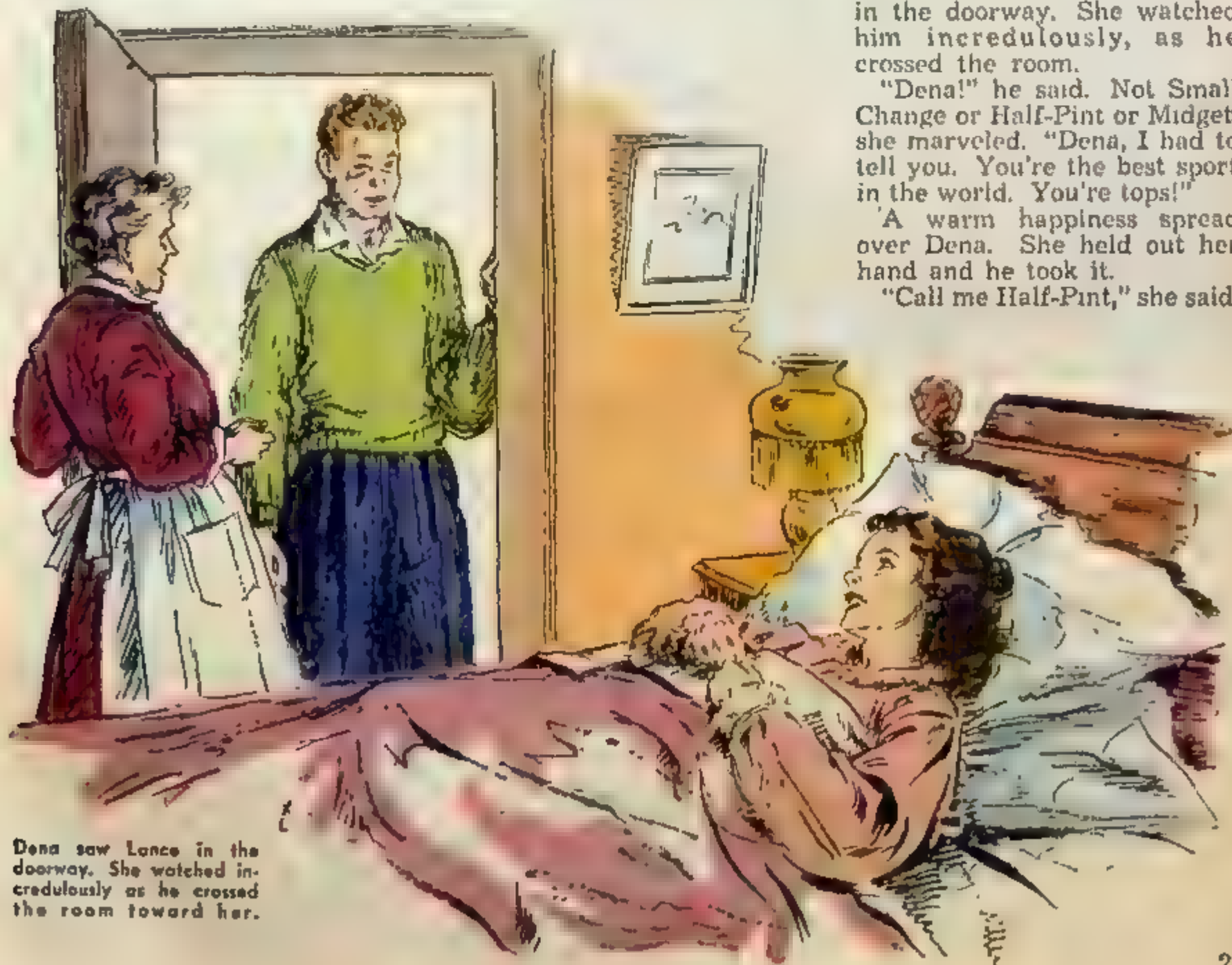
"He's snug in bed, as you are. And your parents are coming after you tomorrow morning. But there's somebody right now wants to see you terrible bad. He wouldn't go home till he saw you."

She rose and beckoned a figure from the kitchen. Dena turned her head and saw Lance in the doorway. She watched him incredulously, as he crossed the room.

"Dena!" he said. Not Small Change or Half-Pint or Midget, she marveled. "Dena, I had to tell you. You're the best sport in the world. You're tops!"

A warm happiness spread over Dena. She held out her hand and he took it.

"Call me Half-Pint," she said.

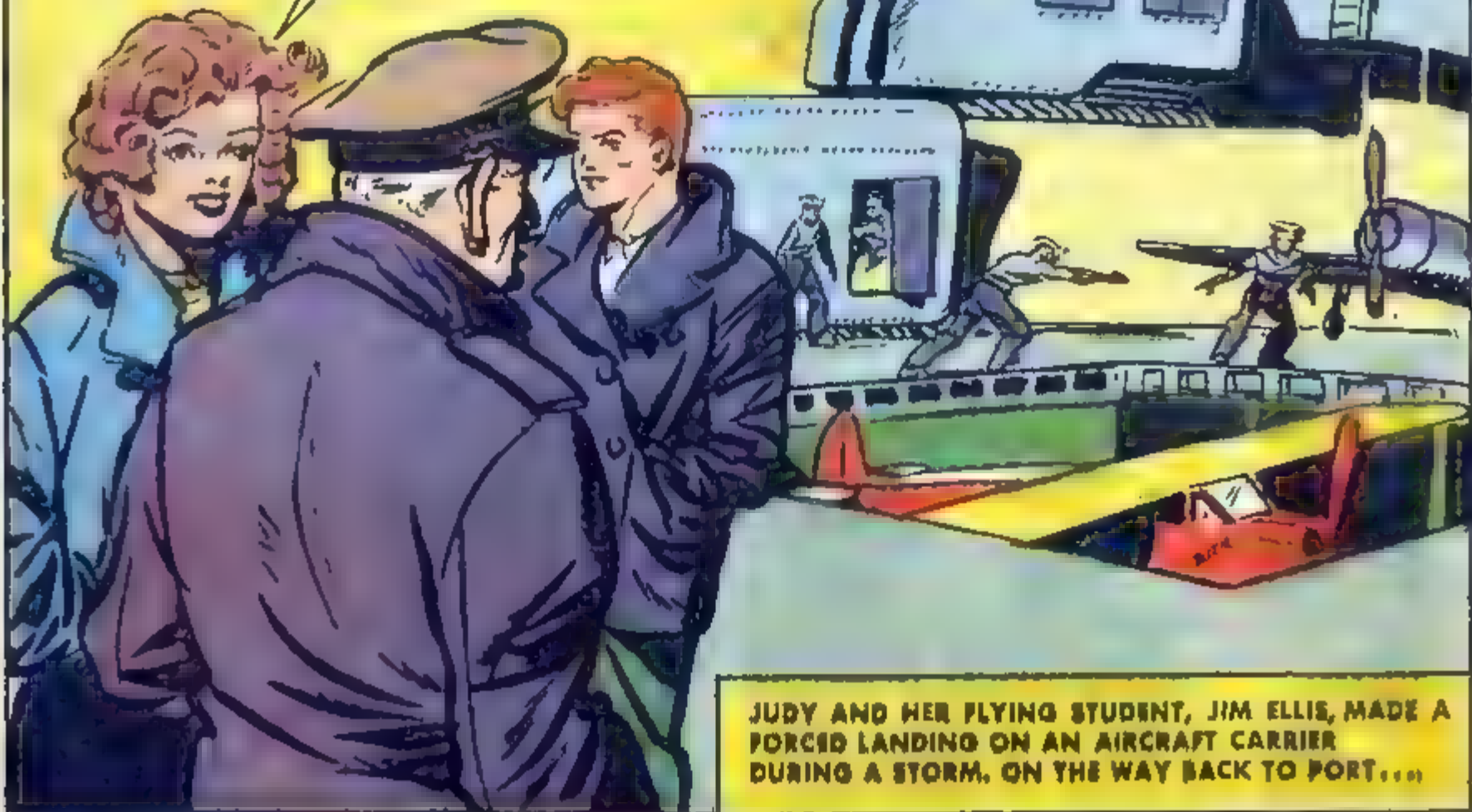


Dena saw Lance in the doorway. She watched incredulously as he crossed the room toward her.

JUDY WING

GUEST OF THE FLAT TOP

I love the sea. It always seems so mysterious.



JUDY AND HER FLYING STUDENT, JIM ELLIS, MADE A FORCED LANDING ON AN AIRCRAFT CARRIER DURING A STORM. ON THE WAY BACK TO PORT...

She's disappeared!

Who? Where?

Suzie! She's vanished!

They just took her below on the elevator.

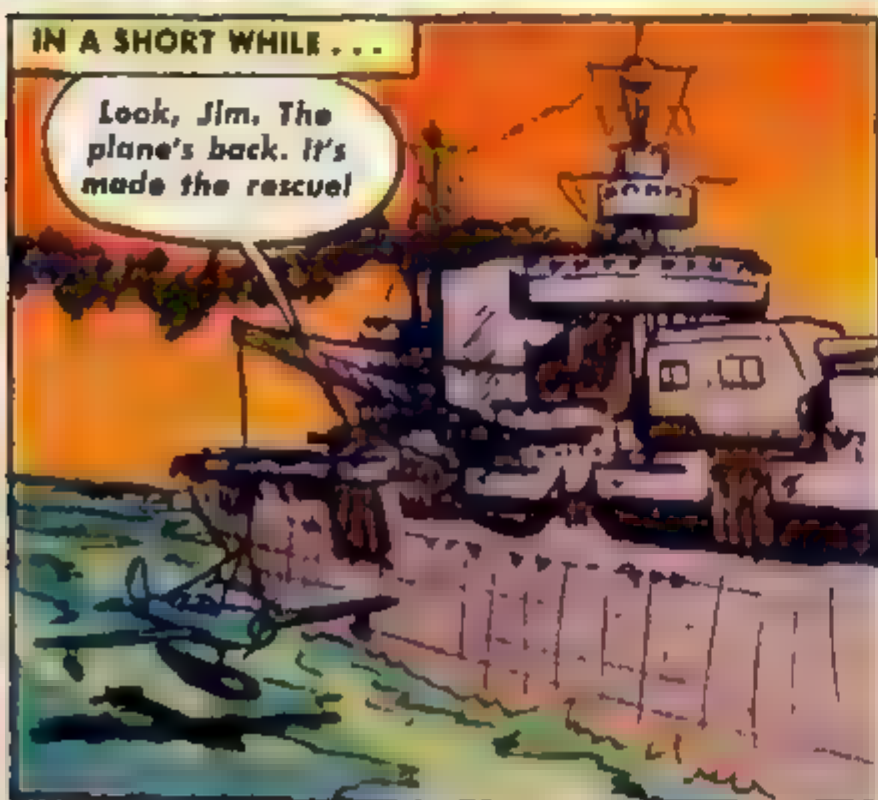
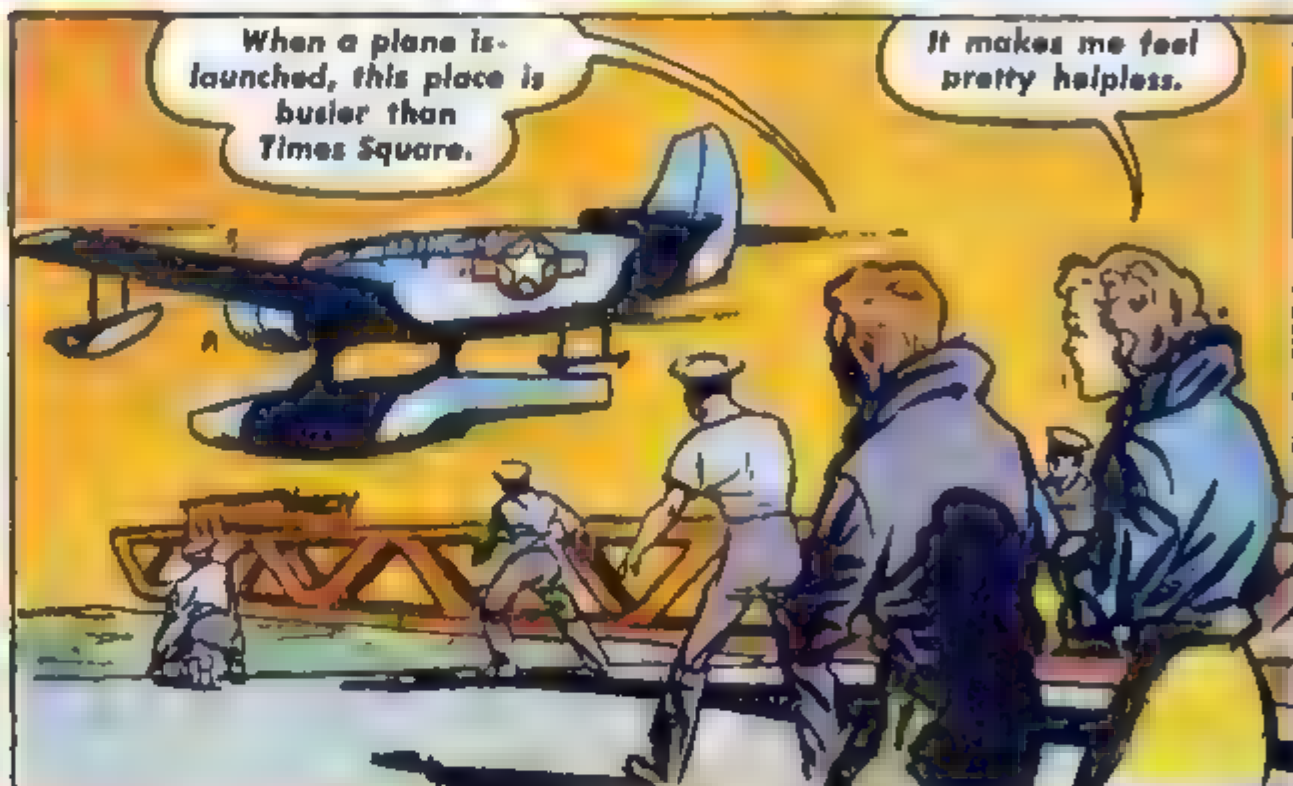
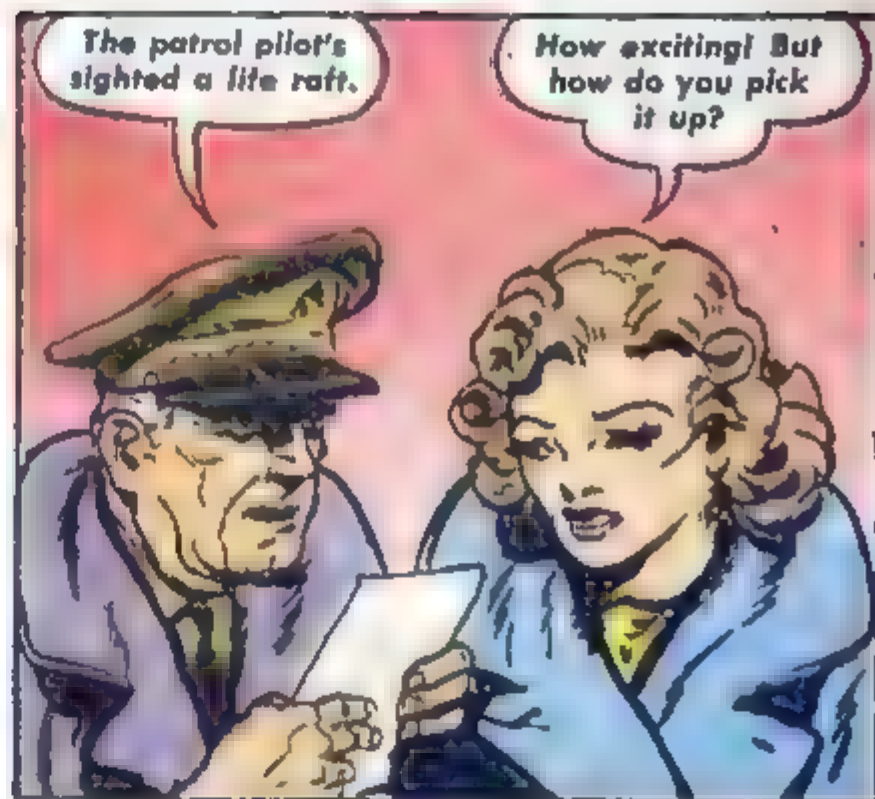
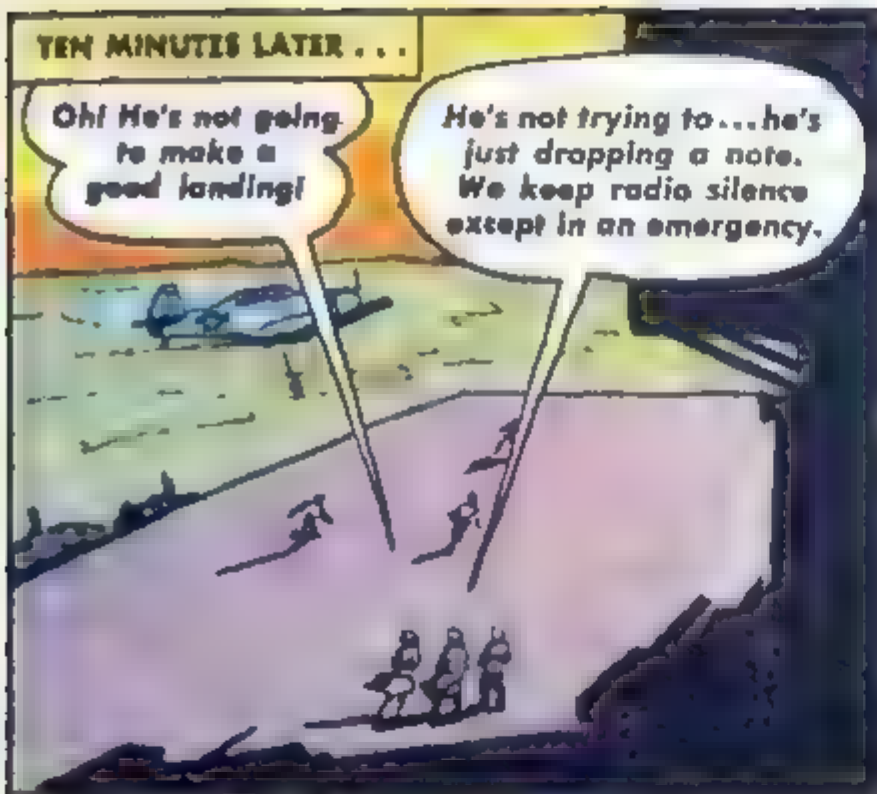
We had to get her out of the way.

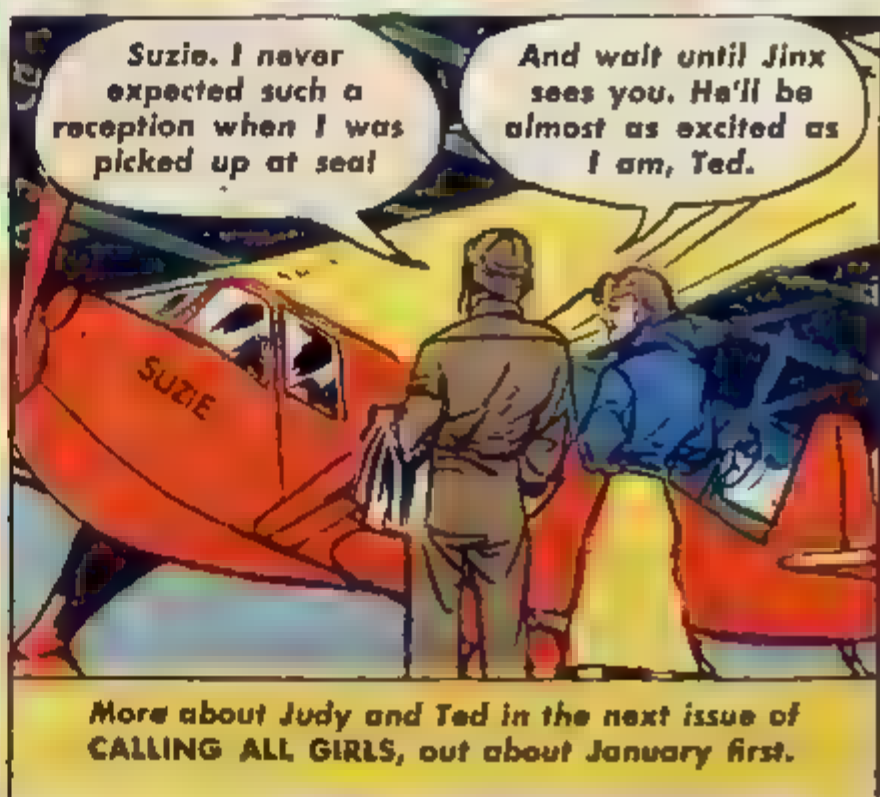
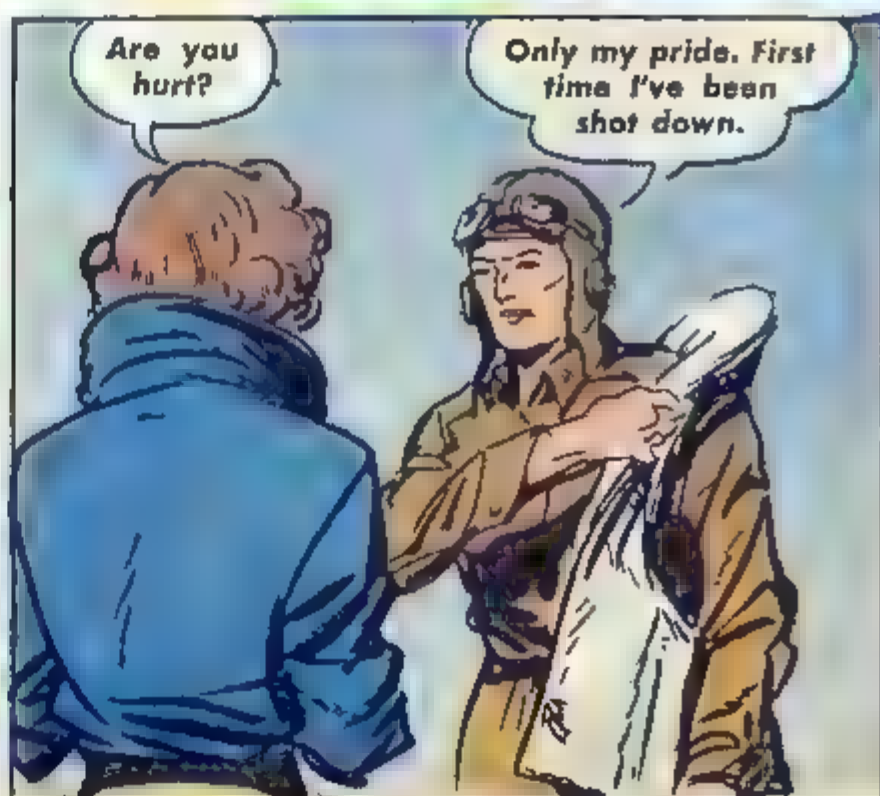
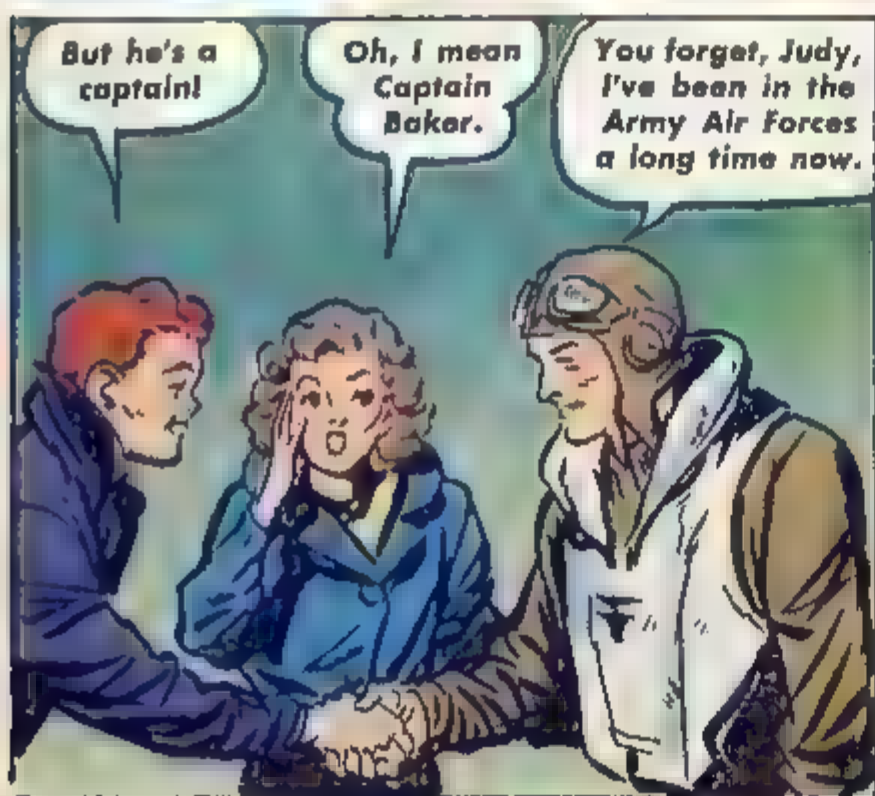
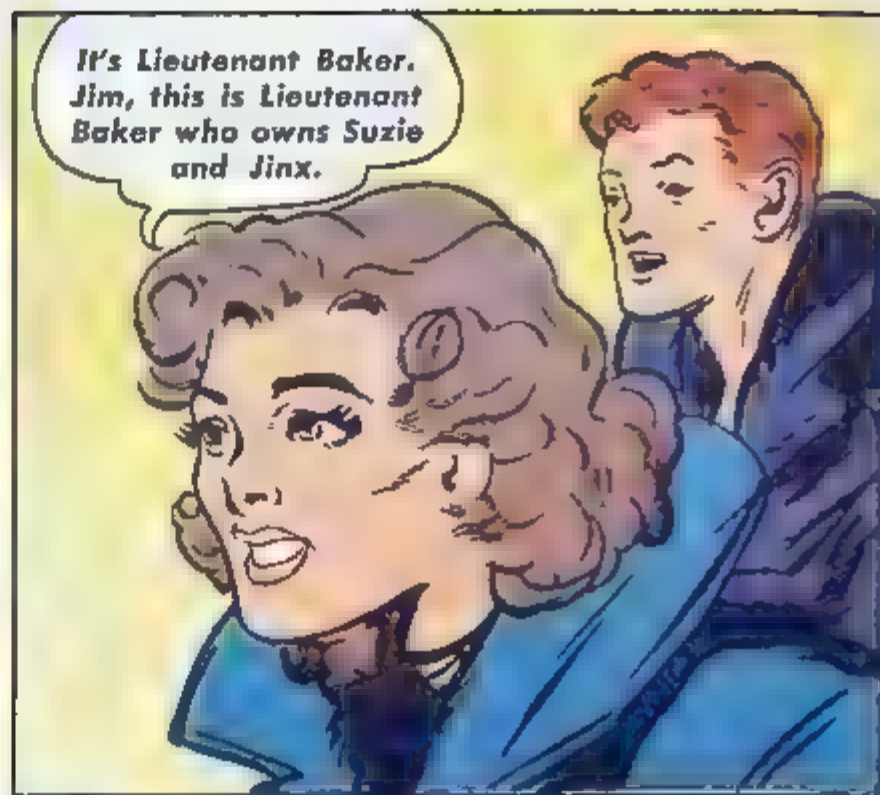
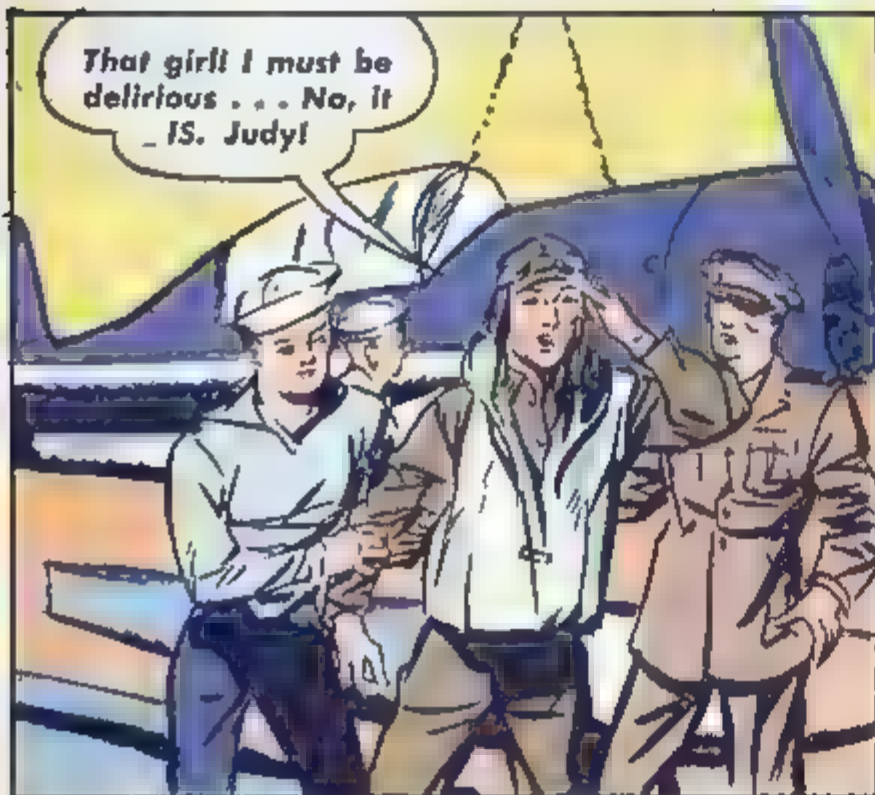
See, there comes a patrol plane.

With its wings cropped.

Not cropped, silly... folded.









...only Brother to dance with!

SURE, brothers are fine in their place. But no fun being "stuck" with your own kid brother at a dance. That's next to being a wallflower! Yet it happens to many a pretty girl.

Fact is—it takes more'n looks on a dance floor. Takes some pep to really "cut a rug". You can't go limp while the others are stomping. Not and be the hit of the party.

What about you, really—are you quite the live wire you ought to be? Full of up-and-at-'em spirit? If not, just maybe you're not eating right, for one thing. As your Mom says, oomph and vitality come pretty much from three ☐ meals a day. Including breakfast.

But, you say, you haven't found a breakfast dish you pine for? Nothing seems to hit the spot? Then try Wheaties.

Bet you'll like tucking away a good bowlful of these crisp, sunshiny flakes—Wheaties. Lots of smooth gals do. There's a sweet-as-a-nut flavor to these golden toasted flakes. Plenty nice, with fruit and milk.

And the nourishment Wheaties pack! Flakes of real whole wheat. Brimming with vitamins, minerals. Proteins, too. And oodles of food-energy (the stuff that helps you keep jiving).

Try Wheaties, tomorrow, why not? Get on the trail of more pep—and more fun!

And look! Special offer good only while our limited supplies last. Get a handsome mechanical pencil, shaped like a big league baseball bat—streamline curved to fit your fingers. Send 10c and one Wheaties box top to General Mills, Inc., Dept. 478, Minneapolis 15, Minnesota. And send today!



Get in the groove

with

WHEATIES "Breakfast of Champions" with milk and fruit

"Wheaties" and "Breakfast of Champions" are registered trade marks of GENERAL MILLS, INC., Minneapolis, Minn.

QUEEN OF THE LITTLE RACKET

THE TRUE STORY OF RUTH HUGHES AARONS, TABLE TENNIS CHAMPION



WHEN RUTH WAS THIRTEEN . . .

Rain, rain, go away . . .

Yes, do, rain. Or I'll have to put up with a grumpy Ruth all afternoon, just because she can't play tennis for one day.

I have it! How about some table tennis?

That dull game? But if you insist, I'll try it just this once.

Ruth, you're a wonder! I never knew anyone to pick up a game so fast.

I might even learn to like it.



RUTH LIKED TABLE TENNIS SO MUCH THAT BY THE TIME SHE WAS FOURTEEN . . .



THREE YEARS LATER . . .

How come you never play tennis any more, Ruth?

She's too busy winning table tennis championships!

You've stalked up three years in a row, haven't you, Ruth?



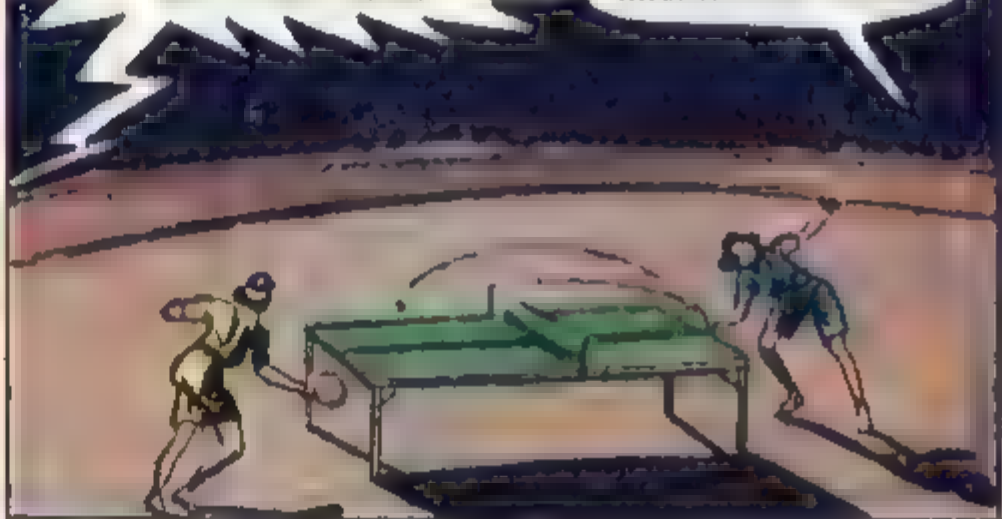
That's right. And now I've got a trip abroad out of a ping-pong racket. I'm going over with the U. S. team for the International matches.



IN CZECHOSLOVAKIA, 1937, MORE THAN A YEAR BEFORE THE NAZI INVASION . . .

Set, match, and International championship to Miss Aarons of the United States.

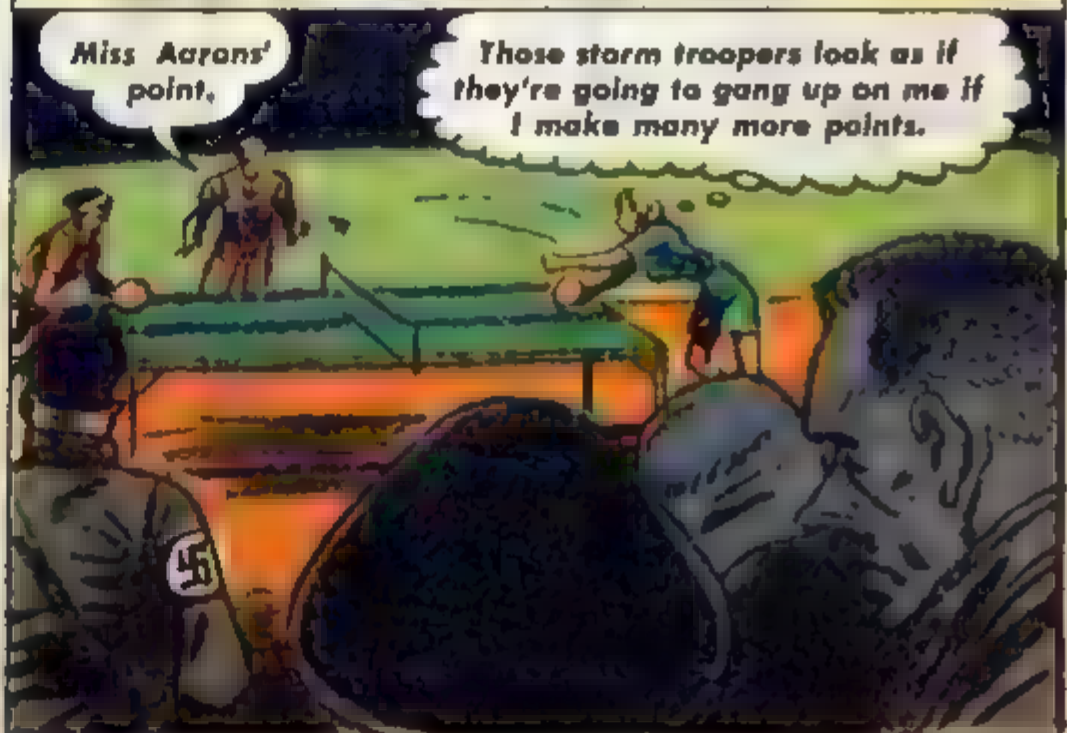
She's the youngest person ever to win an international match.



BUT THE NEXT YEAR, WHEN RUTH PLAYED AGAINST THE GERMAN CHAMPION IN NAZIFIED AUSTRIA . . .

Miss Aarons' point.

Those storm troopers look as if they're going to gang up on me if I make many more points.



BUT WHEN THE NAZI SCORED . . .

Heil! Heil!

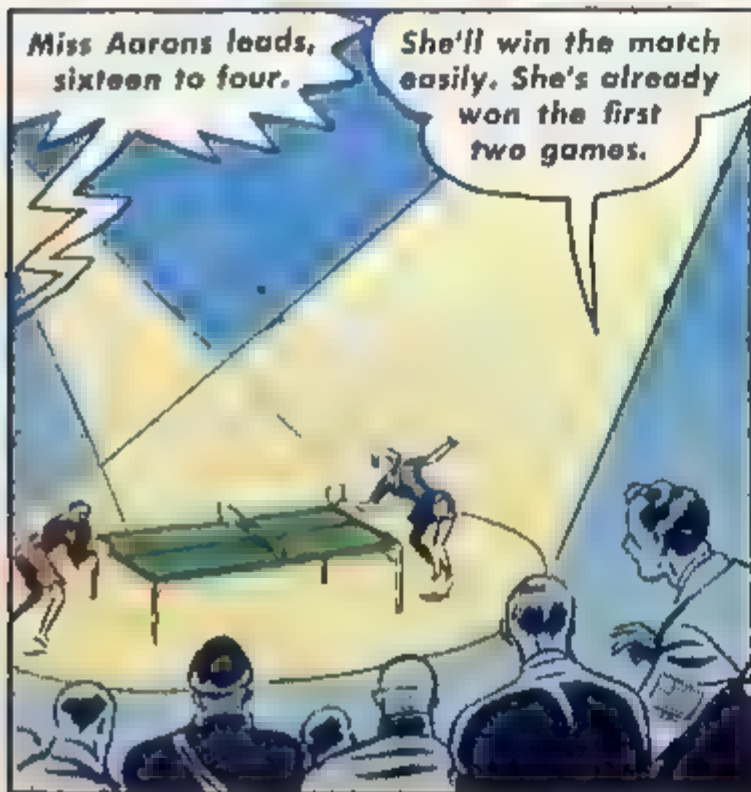


They can't "heil" me out of this match!



Miss Aarons leads, sixteen to four.

She'll win the match easily. She's already won the first two games.



I give up!



Another world title for your collection, Ruth!

There's nothing to winning by default.

The best shot the Nazi made was when she hit her Storm Trooper pal in the face with her racket!

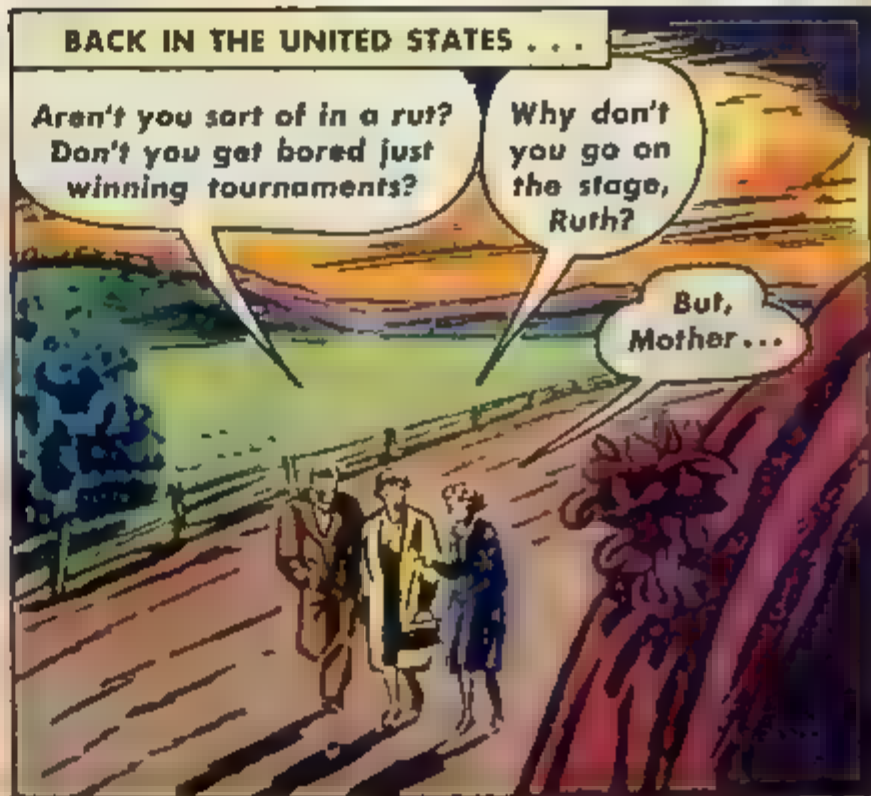


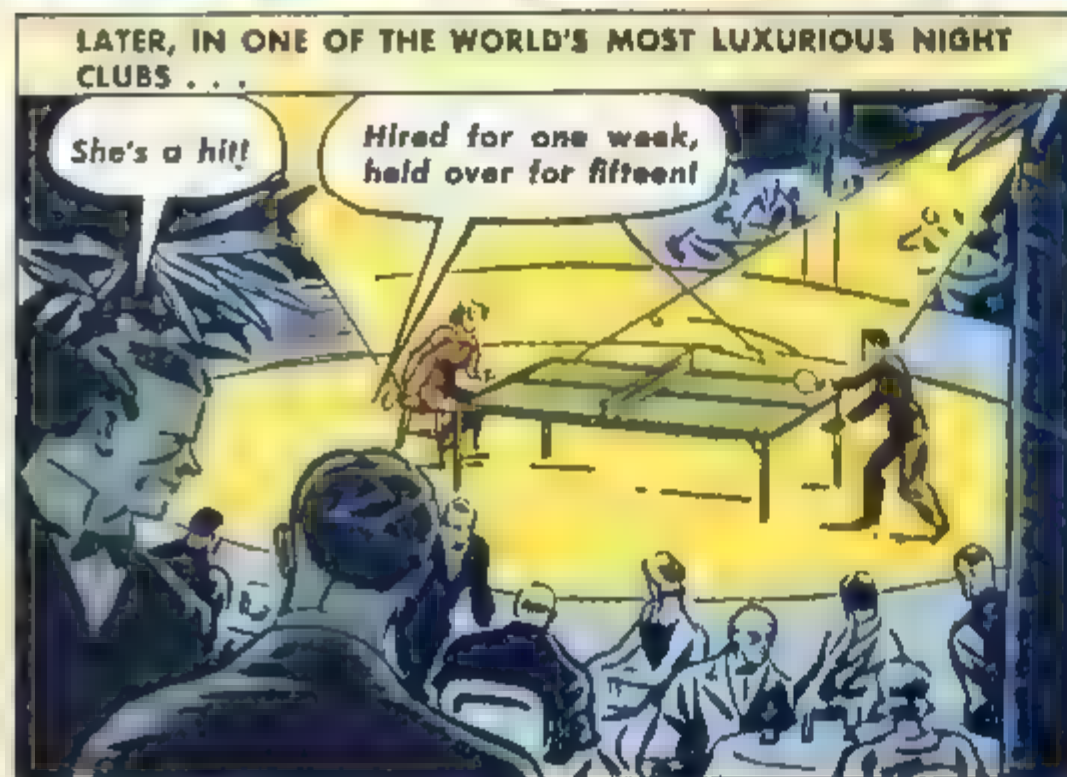
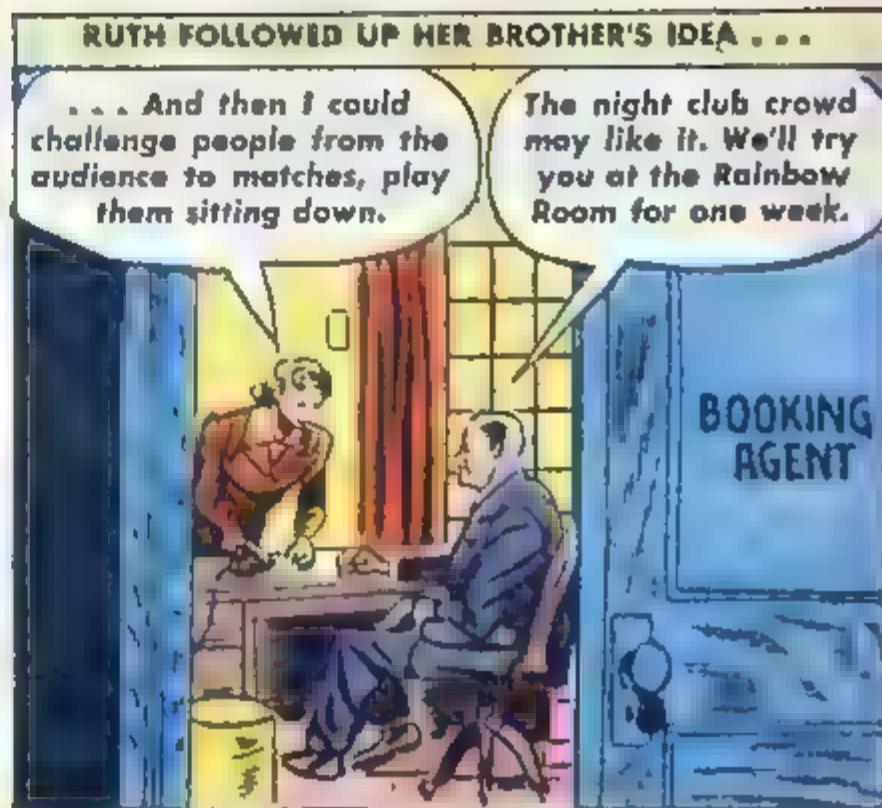
BACK IN THE UNITED STATES . . .

Aren't you sort of in a rut? Don't you get bored just winning tournaments?

Why don't you go on the stage, Ruth?

But, Mother . . .





THE MYSTERY OF THE THIEVING SPOOKS

(Continued from page 10)

boat into this hidden cavern without anyone seeing them. If they couldn't manage that, they always had the other entrance.

The two girls turned back and hurried through the tunnel to the underground room. They put the candles back on the table, and were sure the Spooks would never suspect anyone had been in their hideout. Jill had even gathered the splintered wood and leaves, and hoped she could replace them above the hole as they had been.

Then Babs spied a little red cap off in a corner among a heap of rubbish. It was a funny little hat, round, flat-crowned, and made of felt, with a short chin strap. It reminded her of the party hats which always went with noise makers, streamers, and snappers. Perching the ridiculous cap on her head, Babs turned to Jill.

"Do I look like a spook?" she said, trying to twist her face into an evil leer.

Jill laughed. "You look like a monkey. Take it off and hurry." She started for the ladder.

As Babs reached for the cap, her bracelet—clusters of small red and white beads strung on an elastic—caught on a nail in the wall behind her, and scattered all over the floor. Before the beads had stopped rolling, the two girls were picking them up. Babs started to drop the beads into her pocket only to discover it had a small hole. That would never do. Finding a piece of paper among the rubbish she wrapped the beads securely and slipped the package into her pocket.

Both girls were at the farther end of the room when they heard stealthy footsteps in the tunnel. Slowly the steps crept nearer. They were almost at the curtain.

With a cry of terror Babs

flew to the ladder, with Jill close at her heels. Halfway up, Jill glanced over her shoulder. She saw the curtain move. Without another moment of hesitation she scrambled after Babs, and plunged through the bushes. They ran most of the way to the sheriff's office, only to be met with the information that Sheriff Tompers was away, questioning a suspect about the bank robbery, and that he would not be back until that evening. Disappointed, they resigned themselves to waiting.

The sheriff was talking over

voice she hoped was steady.

For a moment the sheriff looked as though he would throw them out. But he reconsidered when Jill described the cave.

An armed posse was quickly rounded up, and in a short time three cars were roaring down the road to the cave. Jill led them to the spot, and the sheriff sent two men to guard the entrance to the tunnel in the bluff.

With his rifle in one hand and a strong flashlight in the other, Sheriff Tompers crowded through the bushes. "You're under arrest!" he shouted down the opening. "Come out peacefully and nobody gets hurt."

Nothing happened.

Breathlessly they waited. The sheriff edged closer to the opening and once more raised his voice in command. Still there was no sound from the cave.

"Nobody in, Chief?" one of the men asked.

"How am I supposed to know," the sheriff snapped. "I'm going down to see what's what."

He beckoned to two of his huskiest men, and the three disappeared down the hole.

A second later the sheriff's head popped up. Smoldering with rage, he glared at Jill and then at Babs.

"So! A fine joke!" His mustache seemed fairly to bristle as he jerked out his words. "Don't look so innocent. You've got a lot of explaining to do. And it had better be quick. You girls seem to enjoy meddling with matters that are none of your business. Come down here."

Mystified, Jill obeyed his command and climbed down the ladder. As her feet touched the ground, she forgot the sheriff, forgot Babs, in fact, she almost forgot she was Jill Watson. The cave was empty!

(To be continued)

BEAUTY

By JANICE BRONSON ECKHARDT

Twelve Years Old

What is beauty?

Beauty is a star
Shining in the firmament,
Bright, and coldly far.

What is beauty?

Beauty is a bird
Whose song is like the night wind,
Faint and seldom heard.

Beauty is a river,

A pure unending stream,
That flows from out the sunrise
And fades into a dream.

Hope and truth and wonder,

All good, near and far,
Congregate in beauty—
Beauty like a star.

the telephone as the two girls returned later with Dave and Ronnie. "No, no, no!" His voice sounded impatient. "He didn't rob your bank—not even in the state at the time. . . . Took all day to check on his alibi . . . What's that? . . . You'll increase the reward to \$3,000? . . . Won't do any good. . . . All right, I'll post the notice. 'Bye!" He slammed down the receiver and glared at Jill. "What do you want? Can't you see I'm busy?"

"We've found the Spooks' hideout," Jill told him in a

The VICTORY CLUB

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

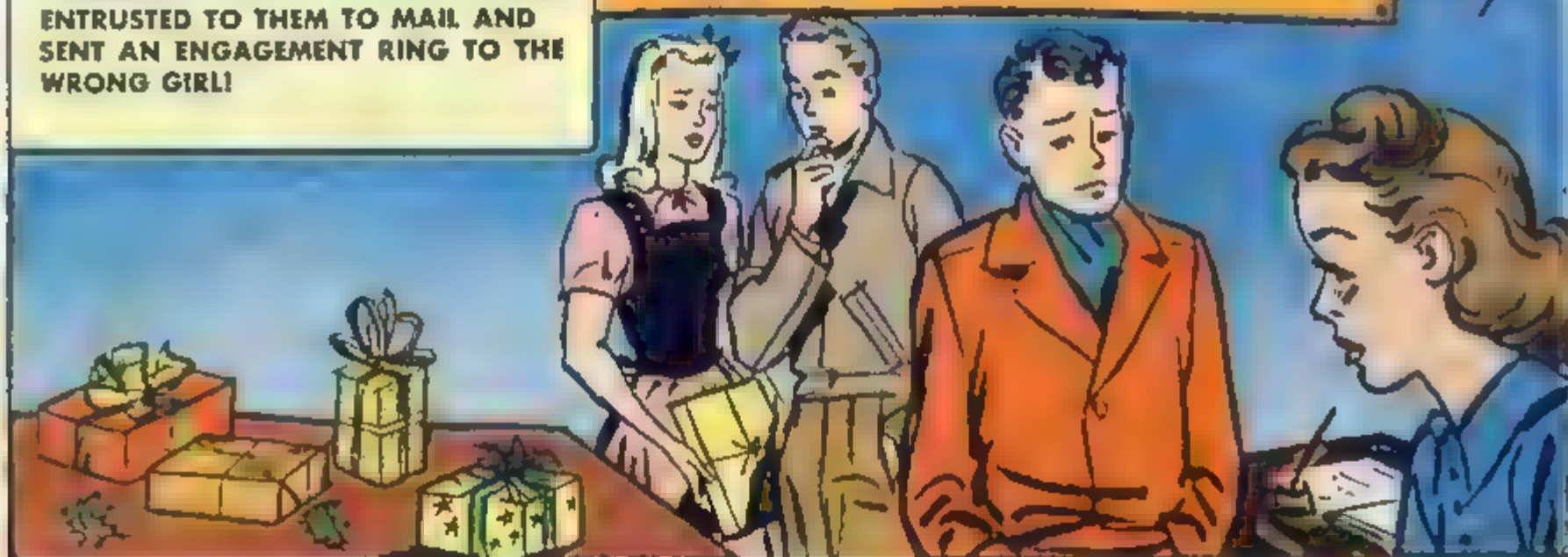


THE VICTORY CLUB'S IN DOUBLE TROUBLE: THEY HEARD THAT ALL THE ACTS EXCEPT THEIR OWN FOR THE YORKTOWN COOPERATIVE USO BENEFIT SHOW WOULD HAVE GUEST STARS. AND THEN THEY DISCOVERED THAT THEIR WRAP SHACK GOT THE ADDRESSES MIXED ON TWO PACKAGES ENTRUSTED TO THEM TO MAIL AND SENT AN ENGAGEMENT RING TO THE WRONG GIRL!

**VICTORY CLUB
WRAP SHACK
SOLDIERS!**

LET US DO YOUR CHRISTMAS SHOPPING AND WRAPPING EARLY!

We'll have to telephone those men at camp. Maybe we should wire both girls not to open the packages when they arrive . . .



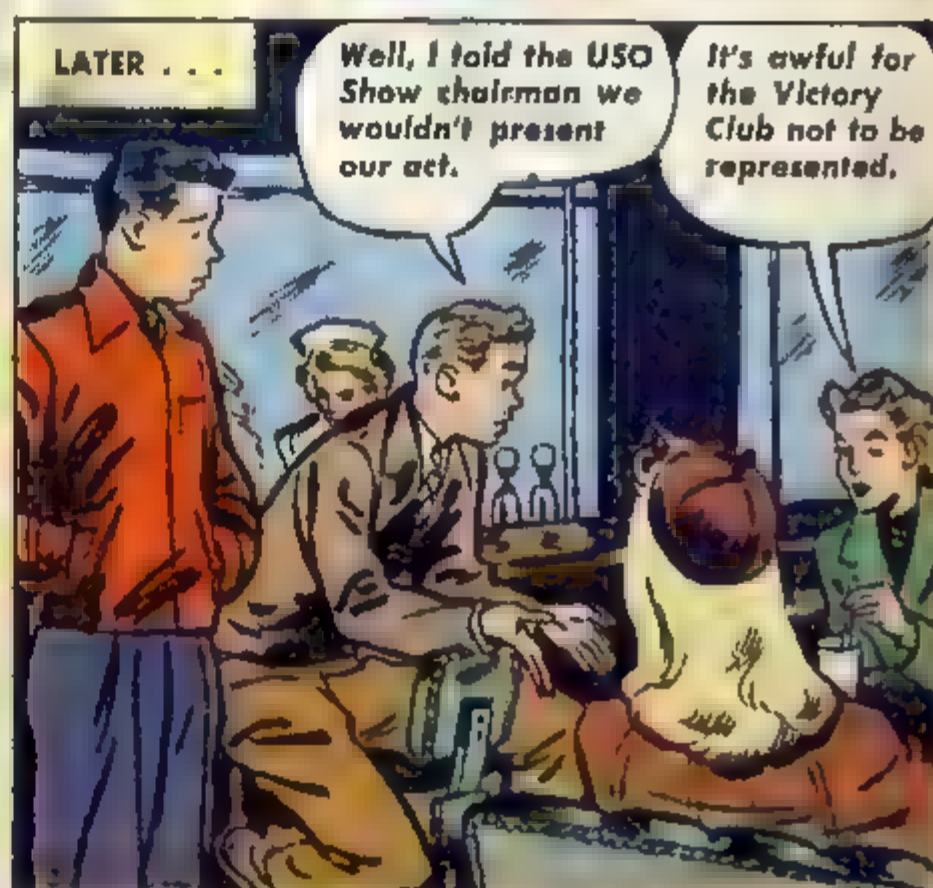
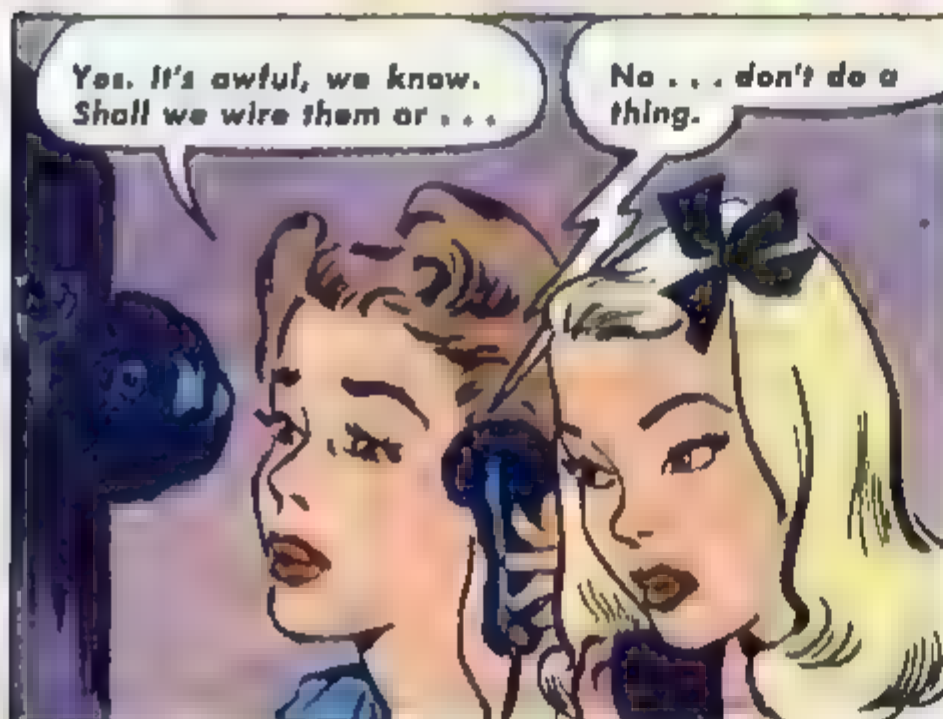
It was Pfc. John Mark who was sending the engagement ring.

And his friend Pfc. Dan Oaks sent his girl a book.

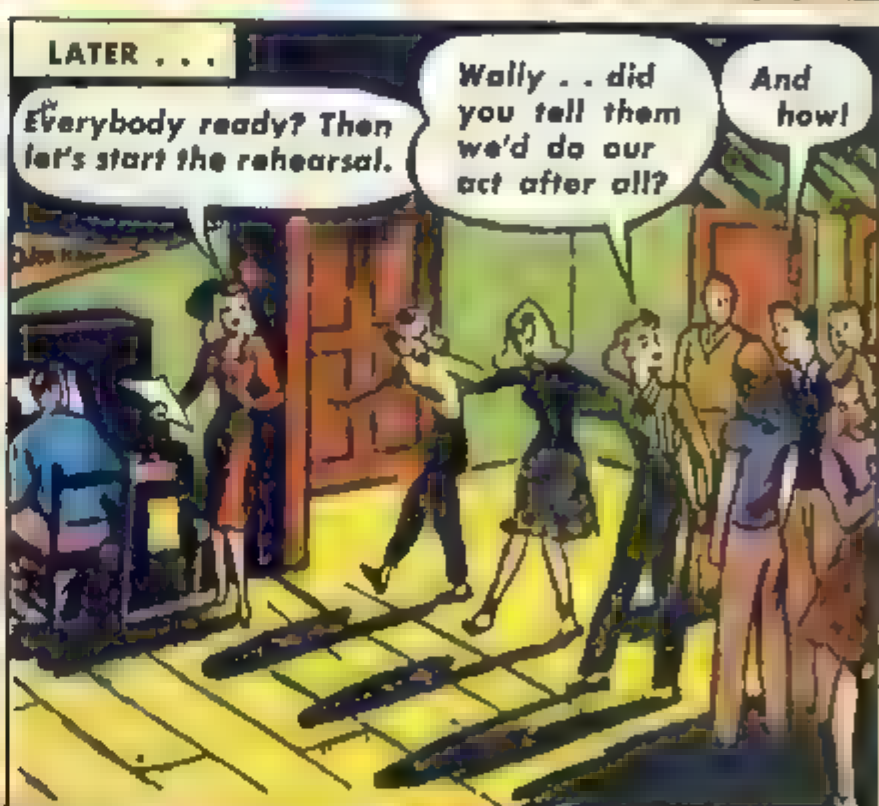
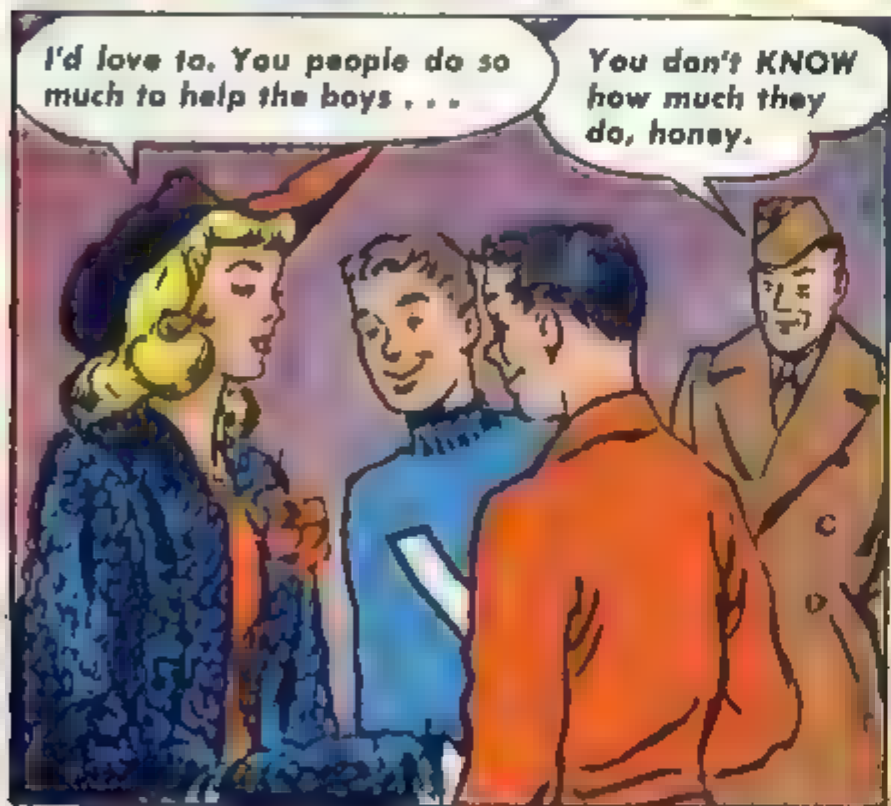


. . . Please try to find at least one of them . . . it's terribly important.









New doings of the Victory Club in the next issue of CALLING ALL GIRLS.

Crocheted Sparklers

By NANCY PEPPER
Fashion Editor

First you crochet these de-gée accessories; then you sprinkle 'em with sequins for that holiday sparkle. Buy the sequins at the dime store or department store trimming counter. Use good quality cotton for the best results with your crocheting. If you're quick and nimble you should finish before Christmas.

Flower-shaped, easy-to-crochet resettes are the new idea behind this beanie, bag, and belt set. We made ours in red, sprinkled with shining multicolor sequins. Fireworks!



Right—A fascinator that really lives up to its name. Crocheted in Star Pearl Cotton with spangle-studded ruffle. Left—The Victory vestee, with sequin-embroidered V's.



Hatpin cushion with tricky pins, made in a jiffy with felt, lace, and three pins. Pick colors to harmonize with your friends' rooms.



Ear puffs made out of powder puffs, covered with felt and embroidery; joined with yarn. Wonderful idea for that last-minute gift.



Three bottles of ten-cent nail polish become a manicure gift set when you make the case yourself. Fit it with emery, orange stick, etc.

For free instruction sheets for crocheted glamour send stamped, addressed envelope (large size) to Fashion Department, CALING ALL GIRLS, 82 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

For additional instructions send stamped, addressed envelope (large size, please) to Fashion Department, CALING ALL GIRLS, 82 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y.



IT'S FUN TO SEW

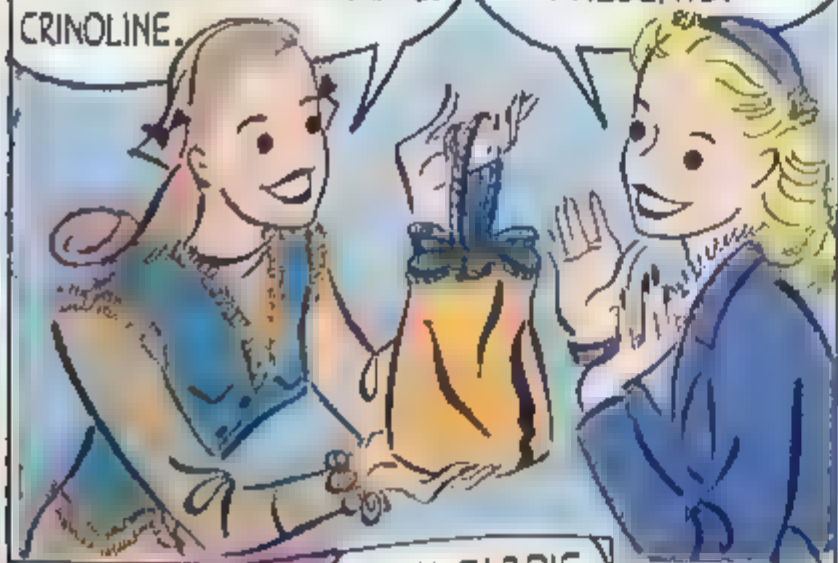
CHAPTER IV

HOW TO MAKE A DRAWSTRING BAG

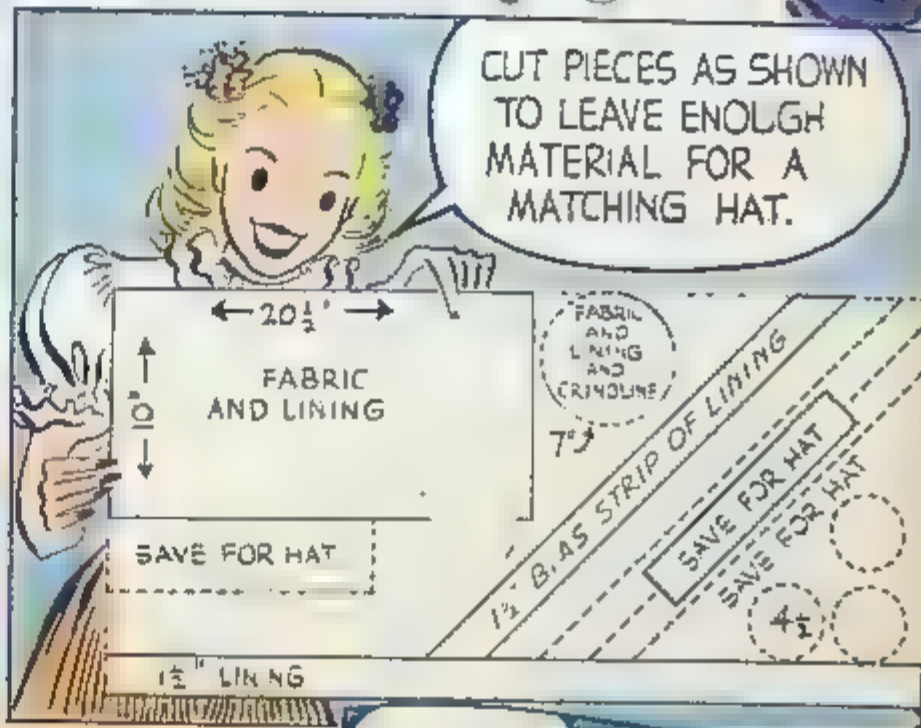


MAKE THIS BAG OUT OF $\frac{1}{2}$ YARD EACH OF FABRIC AND LINING AND $\frac{1}{4}$ YARD OF CRINOLINE.

I'M GOING TO MAKE SOME FOR CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.



CUT PIECES AS SHOWN TO LEAVE ENOUGH MATERIAL FOR A MATCHING HAT.



SEW FABRIC 10" ENDS TOGETHER. SEW IN CIRCLE, PLUS CRINOLINE AT BOTTOM. REPEAT WITH LINING.



NOW you can have a drawstring bag and hat set to match every outfit. Follow these pictures for the bag and save the leftover fabric for the adorable hat that we've worked out for the next chapter on sewing.

For complete details about the drawstring bag, send stamped, addressed envelope for "It's Fun to Sew" Leaflet, Number 4, to Nancy Pepper, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Look for the swish matching hat next month.

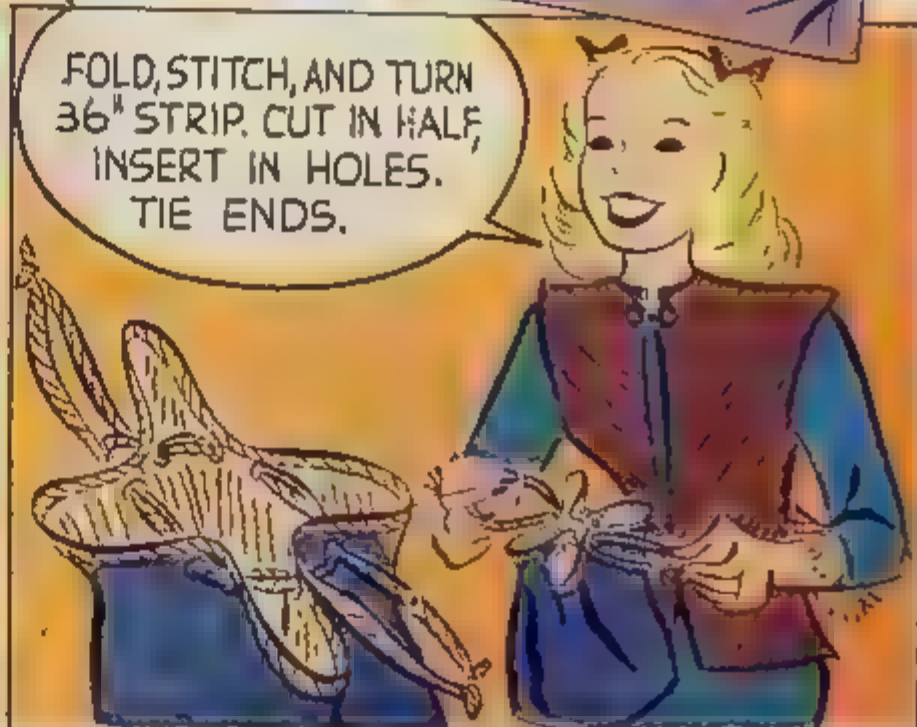
PLACE LINING INSIDE BAG. BIND TOGETHER AT TOP WITH BIAS LINING STRIP.



MAKE $\frac{1}{4}$ " HOLES, 1" FROM TOP BUTTONHOLE AROUND EACH.



FOLD, STITCH, AND TURN 36" STRIP. CUT IN HALF, INSERT IN HOLES. TIE ENDS.





Peasant Jumper 6.95 Pique Blouse 4.98

For high school or high jinks, from juke-box prancing to mumbling over a missal in class, it's cheeze-peazle! *Memo to Mothers:* the rayon gabardine in the jumper is sturdy. The colors good right through spring—light blue, maize, aqua, apple green, shocking pink. Fits to a "T" those 10 to 16 sizes. The bow blouse is white, washable, cinch to iron. 30-36. And you needn't fool with the F.H.A. ... they're both BLOOMINGDALE low priced. *Hi-school Shop, 2nd Floor*

Mail and phone orders filled.
Bloomington's, Lexington at 59th, New York 22, N. Y.
VOLunteer 5-5900
Send me the following

Item	Quantity	Color	Size	Price

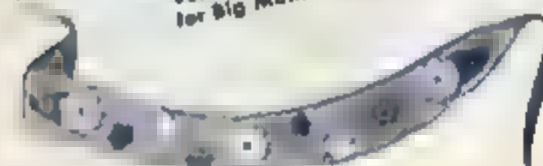
(Print) Name _____
(Print) Address _____
Apt. No. _____ City _____ State _____
On orders outside our delivery area, add 10¢ for jumper and 8¢ for blouse for shipping costs.

Band Leaders



Velvet Band
for Big Moments

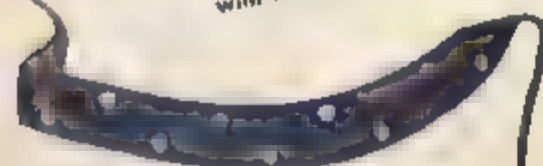
about 79c



Felt Band with Tyrolean de-
signs..... about \$1.00



Tulle Band... about 79c
with matching Bow... about 89c



Velvet Band with
confetti felt dots
about..... \$1.00

A
DAYSON
ORINATION

You'll be wearing "Band Leaders"
for Big Moments... your slickest
trick in school or out. It's perfect
for your "smooth-top" hair-do. In
luscious shades of velvet, felt and
gayest tulle... "Band Leaders"
are tapered for neatest fit.

At leading stores everywhere or write to

MAX DAVIS & SONS

1270 Broadway
New York 1, N. Y.

Who wants to look like "Kid Sister"?

I'M PAT,
I'm Thirteen



Meet the Schaeffer sisters, Patty and Lee, of Burlington, Vt., who were delighted to help us disprove the ugly-duckling "Kid Sister" myth. Thirteen-year-old Patty looks smart as paint in teen fashions, while seventeen-year-old Lee looks her best in juniors. Each sister dresses correctly to her age and to her figure. Do you?

I'M LEE,
I'm Seventeen



If you reversed these dresses, the girls would look all wrong. Patty's jumper would be too young for Lee; and Lee's Judy 'n' Jill suit would be too old for Pat. If you're around thirteen years old, ask for a bengaline jumper like Patty's in the Teen Department. Sandra Lee jumper, about \$8. Teen sizes 10 to 16.

Write for name of store in
your city. Please send
stamped, addressed envelope

Hold that pose, girls, while we study your dresses. Patty looks just right in a Sandra Lee spun rayon plaid teen dress, while Lee fits perfectly into a Judy 'n' Jill junior, in winter pastel. And don't you think that Patty looks darling in her pixie "spec"? Patty's dress, about \$8. Teen sizes 10 to 16.



Are you dreaming of a WHITE CHRISTMAS?

Your dreams of a "white Christmas" have nothing to do with snow—but they have everything to do with snow-white winter fashions that are strictly dee-gee for holiday and post-holiday doin's.

Dream about a white blazer with red pipings, an authentic Eton Britisher. Thirteen-year-old Jackie Macmillen wears it here with the adorable little Pussy Cap by John Frederics, Jr.



Dream about a white Hi-Girl sweater as worn by our cover girl, 12-year-old Florence Awe, and a white raincoat, worn by Jackie LeCompte. Florence Walsh Jabberwacky Dickey and Hi-Time Fascinator by Babs are Christmas "extras."

Dream about snow-white skirts with felt-flower appliqués or gypsy bandings. Wear them with dark sweaters or blouses, as Marjorie Burton and Jackie Macmillen do here.



Fashions—teen sizes 10 to 16, in teen departments of most stores listed on another page, or for store in your city send stamped, addressed envelope to Fashion Department, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y.



Your Hair can be shining, soft and beautiful if you treat it to a FITCH SHAMPOO every week.

All You Do is apply Fitch's DANDRUFF REMOVER SHAMPOO directly from the bottle onto the dry hair and scalp. Massage it so the shampoo has a chance to cleanse each of the tiny hair openings, then add water to make a rich lather. Rinse away with more water and your hair will be sparkling clean and free from ugly dandruff.

No Dull Soap Film is left after a Fitch SHAMPOO because it is completely soluble in water... requires no special after-rinse.

Use Fitch Shampoo for radiant clean eye-catching hair that will intrigue girl friends and boy friends alike. You can get Fitch's DANDRUFF REMOVER SHAMPOO at drug counters and all of the better Beauty Salons.

**KEEP IT
Shining**



Don't put off that regular weekly shampoo. Keep Fitch handy to use whenever the hair begins to look dull or dirty.... The whole family will like Fitch SHAMPOO, helps keep the hair shining, removes dandruff with the first application.

Fitch's
Dandruff Remover
SHAMPOO

Manufactured by the F. W. FITCH COMPANY

When writing to advertisers, please mention CALLING ALL GIRLS.

IF we had four fists we'd put them all behind us, with the description of a different type of skin clutched in each. Then, instead of asking you to choose blindly, we'd say, "You can, within certain limits, have the one you are ready to pay for in time and care." The first type is naturally fine, naturally smooth, well-behaved skin—but don't shove, for here you encounter one of those "certain limits" with which we covered our retreat: Such a skin is heaven-sent, like the color of your eyes. But you can lose it—and we don't mean perhaps—through lack of care. Then it becomes the second type, which we will call the good but neglected skin.

The third type is the naturally unsatisfactory skin—large pored, too oily, or too dry. Again, if it weren't for those "certain limits" we'd be left holding that one in our fist, since no one in her right mind would choose it. Nevertheless, many are born with just this type of trouble-making skin. This time, though, there is a happy transformation possible. For if you are willing to expend time and effort, it can blossom into the fourth type, which we will call the good, made-over skin. True, it is never quite as lovely as the first type, but it's a lot better than the second or third.

That leaves one and four as the only sensible choices, so let's see how much time they cost. Of course, both the naturally good and the good made-over skin require the internal care we wrote about a couple of issues ago. You remember, those big glasses of water, fruit juice, and milk you promised yourself to drink, those vitamin-rich vegetables and the green salads you were going to eat daily, the fruit you swore to choose instead of pie at the school cafeteria.

When it comes to surface care, however, the naturally good and the good made-over skin have different routines.



Soap and water and a good wash-cloth make the best and quickest facial.

Saving Face

If your beauty problem is skin-deep, and you're willing to spend time to improve it, you can be your own make-over artist

For the former what you have to do is very simple—just wash it with mild soap and water every night, douse it with cold water every morning, and protect it with cream or lotion in blustery weather or when spending long hours in the sun. But there's a catch to this! When things are too easy we are less apt to be faithful in performing them than when they are hard. So, since that undesirable "good but neglected" skin is always right at your elbow trying to take over, here's a little trick to use for self-discipline. Promise to give yourself a vacation from face washing one night a week, but don't specify ahead of time which night it will be. Comes a night when you don't feel like bothering with your skin. All right, say, "I'll take this as my no-washee night." Then do you

know what will happen, nine times out of ten? Having told yourself you don't have to do a thing, all your rebellion against it melts away and you begin thinking of a lot of reasons why you *want* to do it, such as how good a nice, clean face feels. Before you know it your face is washed! But to make the trick work you can't fool yourself every time—now and then when you really are too sleepy (but not more, and preferably less, than once a week, mind you!) go ahead and take that into-bed-without-washing dividend and feel no twinge of conscience.

You with the good skins run along now and let us spend the rest of our space on those who have a make-over job to do. First stiffen your spine and keep your goal of an attractive skin as your incentive, for you

can't have any nights off when it comes to washing your face with soap and water. Moreover, you'll have to get up a little earlier, for your face will need another good cleansing in the morning. The reason for this is that if your skin is oily you will have to wash off the excess secreted during the night, and if it is dry you should have used a lubricating cream before retiring. In either case your skin can't get by on the dash of cold water which is all the normal skin needs in the morning if it is put to bed clean at night.

You will have to be more careful about soaps, too. Good as most American soaps are, they aren't all equally good for every type of skin. It is up to you to find the one which does the most for you. Then, use it abundantly. Soap helps the skin purify itself and make harmless the bacteria which are always present on the surface. Of course every speck of soap must be rinsed off. At least three nights a week, especially if your skin has dry spots (oh, yes, you can have oily and dry skin at the same time), cream the face thoroughly, leaving some on while you take your bath, and then have your soap-and-water scrub. This preliminary creaming softens the dirt so that the soap can dissolve every bit of it.

Just as much of today's medical practice is to prevent illness, many modern cosmetics are designed to keep surface skin troubles away. For instance, if you use a sun-screening oil or lotion to outwit sunburn, you'll rarely need salves to cure it. Girls used to go swathed in fascinators and veils in winter and when the skin chapped anyway, healing lotions were applied. But when you go skating or skiing you can protect your skin from roughness with a foundation cream or a heavy lotion. Sore, cracked lips were once a common sight in cold weather. Now you keep them soft either with colorless lip pomade or with a bright lipstick.

Now for a little magic, for

even though we know that we get most of the things we want through our own efforts it doesn't hurt to wish upon a star, too! There are a few products made for difficult skins which often accomplish wonders. These are not, of course, for sick skins. Your doctor must prescribe for a prolonged bout of pimples. But if your troubles come from insufficient cleansing, which is the cause of most skin grief, several nights a week use one of the cleansing grains on the market—they are called by several names, but the girl at the cosmetics counter will know what you mean. If your skin is sensitive they may be too harsh, but there is nothing actually harmful about them. They help the skin slough off its dead cells, and because they seem more exciting than plain soap and water you are apt to do a more thorough job of washing than usual.

Then there are products, such as colloidal sulphur creams,

which help control oiliness. There are pastes for drying eruptions so that you have a far shorter time of unsightliness from a pimple. There are lotions for oily skins which leave a powdery finish so that you don't have to use powder except for dress-up occasions. There are special skin-color creams to hide blemishes when your chin or nose blossoms. (Don't use them over an active pimple, though.) There are creamy masques for occasional use as a stimulant. You let them dry on and the blood comes rushing to the face to see what's doing. And whenever the blood goes it takes away impurities. Besides, it's fun to feel luxurious and sophisticated now and then with this grown-up facial.

Yes, your time bill for a good made-over skin may look large, but not when you consider that your skin will show definite improvement, provided, of course, you don't try to short change on time and care.

DON'T BE BOTHERED by a BLOTCHY SKIN



Just when you want to look your special best, you glance in the mirror and—horror, a pimple! Or perhaps some smarty calls you "Freckle-face." Yes, blotches of any kind are enough to ruin your fun. But what can you do about it? Hide 'em, of course . . . quickly and safely. Just pat on HIDE-IT, let it dry and then powder your face if you wish.

Now look in your mirror—look closely. Not a blemish in sight! Up goes your chin. You fly out in your prettiest party frock, your self-confidence completely restored.

THOUSANDS DEPEND ON HIDE-IT

Girls, boys, men and women everywhere use this tested and approved blemish-concealer—the only product of its kind that comes in 10c size. HIDE-IT veils most temporary and permanent skin defects, including pimples, small scars, birthmarks, bruises, etc. There are five Hide-It shades: Light, Medium, Ruchelle, Brunette, Sun-Tan. You can easily choose one that blends with your own skin tone.

Use HIDE-IT as your powder base and you won't have to worry about shiny nose, either. It stays on and on for hours. Large jar, one dollar at drug and department stores. 10c size at all 10c counters—or you can order either size from us.

CLARK-MILLNER SALES CO.

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Merry Christmas, with LOVE

THERE have been hundreds of theories about the origin of Santa Claus, but we have our own idea of how he got his start in tradition. Once upon a time, there must have been a poor, gift-ridden soul who after a year full of birthdays, anniversaries, and graduations came face to face with Christmas. Instead of the endless debates over what, the dreary juggling of budget over how much, the weary shopping sessions over where, our heroine dreamed up a kindly, whiskered, ageless gentleman who would painlessly handle the gift problem—a one-man shopping service, free of charge. Just write him a letter and presto! the right gift would be delivered complete with bow and bells.

Of course, our heroine lived long ago. If she'd been a modern lass, she would have been such an encyclopedia of smooth tricks that she could have played Santa Claus herself without the whiskers and with twice as much fun. But maybe you are still living in the dark ages when it comes to giving—not to mention receiving—gifts gracefully?

Getting into a Santa Claus mood is essential and you don't need a red suit to feel gay about gifts. If you take the trouble all year to be really familiar with your family and friends' hearts and habits, gift ideas will crowd your mind. The

All of living is give and take. And gift occasions are a very special kind of give and take to be cherished

By ELENA CHANCE
Who Knows Her Do's and Don't's



Which is more fun: handing out gifts or receiving them?
The answer is both, if you get into the right spirit.

tinest, most inexpensive gift is welcome when its personal quality shows the giver's thoughtfulness. Gift giving never was invented as a fine way to parade generosity publicly or to impress people with wealth. Gifts are just a happy way of putting into something tangible the love and affection you feel for those close to you. You only embarrass others when you ply them with gifts that are ornate and useless and

that they know you really can't afford.

Price-tag givers and self-conscious Lady Bountifuls are just as phony as the skinny, skimpy - whiskered, street-corner Santa Claus who shattered your illusions when you were six. The crocheted book mark you make for your book-worm friend and the recipe index cards you carefully letter for a newlywed sister are the thoughtful gifts that will be cherished.

Sometimes you go Santa Claus with such a vengeance and are so thrilled over the gifts you have made or selected that you just can't keep quiet about them. For weeks before the presentation you scatter hints about the wonderful presents you are going to bestow. Without realizing it, you can get to be as monotonous and irritating as a broken phonograph record, and your ever-loving friends and family will wish you'd never

grown big enough to give gifts. When the moment comes for them to open the packages you toiled over to wrap tastefully, your excitement is greater than theirs. Your nose is practically in each package and you keep up a running stream of comment—all adding up to how much trouble you went to over that particular gift; how it's the only one of its kind; etc. You'll never be a Santa Claus! Remember he's the gent who's never seen or heard, who quietly deposits boodle and then makes himself scarce?

Of course, if all your efforts are rewarded by delighted thank-you's, that's your cue to smile right back and say honestly, "I had loads of fun making it because it's so nice to give gifts to you."

It can be more blessed to give than to receive if your giving is in the generous, joyous spirit of Santa Claus, if it's from the heart, not from the purse or from the sense of duty. But receiving is pretty special, too, and that's where you are one up on Santa, because he never received a present in his whole tradition. There's a fine art to receiving, an art never mastered by the "expectant receiver," the gift hound who is always sniffing the air and the ground for presents that might be forthcoming. It's no fair to go around in the Jennifer-owes-me-a-three-dollar-present frame of mind. Jennifer has no debt to you unless you are an Indian giver. The three-dollar gift you bestowed on Jennifer last year was your own idea, wasn't it? You weren't forced to give, you weren't asked to give three dollars' worth. And a gift's not a gift at all if it has any strings attached besides the brightly-colored ones that make it giveable. And you are only cheating yourself if you count over prospects in your mind like a miser counting his gold or a pirate hoarding pieces of eight. Let gifts be the wonderful surprises they are supposed to be and warmly received.

A pleased smile and a sparkle in your eye can show Jennifer

you appreciate the friendship that she put into her gift to you. Tell her you like it and why. And if Aunt Christine, who lives six states away, remembered you, be sure you let her know how much you value her remembrance by writing a speedy thank-you note with some of the bubbling spirits you felt when you opened her gift.

Some people feel deeply, but their tongues are traps which hold the right words prisoner. Don't let it worry you if you can't express your thanks with the glibness of a radio announcer. A polished speech isn't the register of your appreciation. Your expression can convey those good feelings, just as can one thank-you in a voice that means it.

There's usually one gift under the tree that baffles you because even though it has your name on it, the fancy wrappings contain something you never dreamed of on land

or sea. Something you don't know whether to eat, to hang on the wall, or to wear around your neck. Nevertheless, it represents someone's thought of you. You may not be able to bring yourself to say you like the Thing in the star-studded box, but you can with perfect honesty exclaim, "You were a darling to think of me!"

And often when you are dreaming of frothy gifts, you are faced with practical jobs in fancy packaging. If Mother gives you a set of flannel snuggles instead of the bracelet you yearned over, it probably means Mother couldn't afford any more, but her love for you is all wrapped up in the practical snuggles and that's what you are grateful about.

All of living is give and take. And gift occasions are a very special kind of give and take which should be cherished, especially today when we are lucky enough to be able to give and to receive from loved ones.

First...

on her Christmas Wish list

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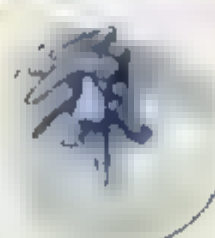
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NEW TWISTS ON GIFTS

(Continued from page 17)

your ten-foot long piece of flesh-colored paper into $\frac{1}{2}$ " strips. Stretch and twist the strips between your thumb and forefinger. Stretched and



twisted it is called "crepe raffia." It looks like loose rope. Wrap one strand of crepe raffia around a 5" wide piece of cardboard. Slip a piece of thin wire under the strands at one end. Pull up the wire and fasten tightly, then snip the strands of raffia at the other end. Let the strands drop down from the tied part in the center. About an inch below the tie, wrap another wire around the strands, thus making a head. Wrap 12 more strands around the card, slip off, fasten in middle, and braid from the center out for arms. Divide the strands under the head and slip arms in place. Fasten below them again for waist. Divide and braid the legs. Draw the features with crayon or paint, and paste on short bits of crepe raffia for hair. The dress is made of more strands glued on. A safety pin can be attached to the back for a fastener.

One of these crepe dolls perched on a pincushion makes a fine dressing-table gift.

All these suggestions would probably keep you busy until well after Christmas—but you don't even have to stop there. Now that we've told you some of the many possibilities of crepe paper, carry on with your own ideas and make it a gay, colorful paper Christmas!

No "Gadgets for Girls" this month because we have so many other things-to-make in this issue. They'll be back next month, so keep on sending them.



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Long a college tradition . . . now a Hi-School furore. It's the authentic campus blazer, your wear-with-all to wear with pride. Right smart investment for now and the college years ahead. Tailored to a "T" in 100 per cent wool, with white pearl buttons, contrasting color piping and fully lined with Earl-Glo rayon. Navy with White or Red, Hunter Green with White or Red, Christmas Red with White, Brown with White, Men's Wear Gray with Red.

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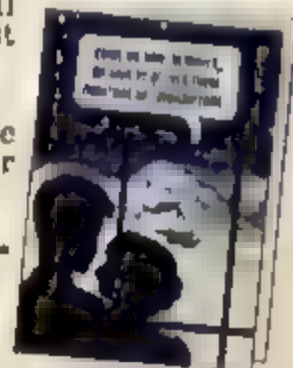
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JUNIOR HOUSEKEEPING DEPARTMENT



Fun Foods for Holiday Parties

Lettie Gay's daughter, Sally,
and Sally's best friend, Jeannie,
make a holiday cake.
William Ward Photo

There's no point in letting ration points take the food out of holiday get-togethers if you try these teen-tested recipes!

By LETTIE GAY
Junior Housekeeping Editor

SALLY'S friend, Jeannie, lives in the next block from us. Sally and Jeannie are twins. That is, they were born on the same day. They frequently have a cooperative birthday party, sometimes at Jeannie's house and sometimes at our house. Last year they planned games for their group of friends in our basement ping-pong room and then adjourned to Jeannie's house for the supper party; other years they have had their chicken salad and sandwiches at our house and Jeannie's mother has supplied a cake.

But this year they are facing the stark reality of war-time with the knowledge that there may not be any chicken salad for parties because there may not be any chickens in the market. And, as both mothers are busy with volunteer war work, the girls know that par-

ties, which have to be fussed over are out.

But, as Sally says, fun isn't rationed and, since parties are good for their morale, maybe they'll have two or three happy-go-lucky affairs this year instead of just one which involves much preparation. After all, the success of a party depends upon how you feel while it's going on rather than on what you eat.

There are many fun foods which are plentiful and not difficult to prepare. Popcorn, for instance. Fun to fix either before the crowd arrives or after they are there to help.

Gingerbread is easy to make and it is yummy served with tiny squares of yellow cheese. Cut the cheese squares very small and give them toothpick handles for neat nibbling—makes the cheese ration last longer! Or, if you really

want to work for your guests, you could make pretty gingerbread sandwiches: Spread thin slices of day-old gingerbread with cream cheese, softened with a little top milk. Serve with hot punch after an evening of square dancing, skating, ping-pong, just listening to records, or whatever your particular friends like best to do.

Do you like waffle parties after movies? Don't let the maple syrup shortage cramp your style; just change your ways. Sprinkle each waffle with sugar, sprinkle lightly with lemon juice, and eat in your fingers. This is a much more sophisticated way to serve waffles—and it saves dishwashing.

Tired of doughnuts and cider for after-skating parties? Have something different with split doughnuts, sprinkled with grated cheese and lightly toasted under the broiler. Serve with Hot Fruit Punch.

HOT FRUIT PUNCH

2 teaspoons tea leaves	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup lemon juice
1 cup boiling water	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup grape juice or cider
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar	Slices of lemon and orange
1 cup orange juice	3 cups boiling water
10 whole cloves and short stick cinnamon tied in clean cheesecloth square	

1—Get out ingredients and utensils needed: small saucepan or teapot for steeping tea, long-handled spoon, measuring cup, large mixing bowl or punch bowl.

2—Pour one cup boiling water

over tea leaves, cover, steep for 5 minutes.

3—Strain tea into large mixing bowl or punch bowl and add all the other ingredients in the order suggested. Add 5 cups water a few minutes before serving so that the punch may be served hot. Remove the bag of cloves and cinnamon just before serving. Serves 8 large glasses or 16 punch glasses.

There is nothing quite so grand as a cake all to yourselves when you have friends at the house. This recipe is a good one because it uses only 2 eggs. It will make two 8-inch layer cakes, or from 15 to 18 cupcakes, or a loaf cake approximately $4\frac{1}{2} \times 8\frac{1}{2}$ inches, or it can be baked in a sheet in a flat pan about 11×16 inches.

A GOOD WHITE CAKE

1 cups pastry flour $\frac{1}{2}$ cup margarine,
3 teaspoons baking powder 2 eggs
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt $\frac{3}{4}$ cup milk
1 cup sugar 1 teaspoon vanilla

1—Get out ingredients and utensils needed: 2 mixing

bowls, measuring cup and spoon, mixing spoon, baking pans.

2—Sift the flour into one mixing bowl. Place empty sifter in other mixing bowl and measure the flour back into the sifter. (Best cooks measure after sifting flour.) Measure baking powder and salt into sifter of flour, and sift together into bowl.

3—Cream shortening in first mixing bowl (a little flour dust clinging to bowl will not matter). Add sugar gradually to creamed fat and mix well.

4—Add whole eggs, one at a time. Stir well into creamed mixture.

5—Add flour mixture a little at a time, alternating with milk. Add flavoring and beat vigorously only long enough to mix well.

6—Pour into well-greased cake pans and bake according

For additional refreshment recipes send stamped, addressed envelope to Junior Housekeeping Department, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

to the following timetable:

For layer cakes or flat pan, oven temperature, 375° ; time, 30 to 35 minutes. For loaf cake, oven temperature, 350° ; time, 55 to 60 minutes. For cupcakes, oven temperature, 375° ; time, 18 to 20 minutes.

BUTTER CREAM FROSTING

1 tablespoon butter $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
1 $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons cream $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon vanilla
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup confection-
er's sugar

1—Get out ingredients and utensils needed: medium-size saucepan, measuring cup and spoon, mixing spoon, spatula for spreading frosting on the cake

2—Melt butter in saucepan over low flame and remove from stove.

3—Add cream, salt, vanilla, and sugar. Stir until well mixed.

4—When cake is cool, spread frosting lightly over the surface. Double the recipe if extra-thick filling is desired for layer cake. For variety, use lemon juice or coffee instead of cream, and omit vanilla.

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Jabberwocky and JIVE

Who's In a Sinatrance Now?

WELL, strip my gears and call me shiftless, reel my pleats and call me Jackson, if that Croon Prince of Swoon hasn't got you all in a Sinatrance! Well, some of you, anyway. Do you hear the squeals and sighs that run interference to his singing on the radio? Ever since Frank's become a Sinatrumph, the teen crowd has split into two factions—those who faint for Frank and those who faint from him. Who's heading the opposition—Bing Crosby? Dick Haymes? Perry Como? Jerry Sayne? Harry Babbitt? Let's have your vote!

JENNIE JABBERWOCKY SAYS:

WHEN we're all poolin' the foolin' at a cement mixer, the wolves never ask us to dance. They taxi up and say, "Come on, Thing—let's swing," or "It's my drizzle, drip," or "May I borrow your frame for the coming struggle?" But, of course, we gals know that they want to circulate, so we beat the feet. It's de-gaw to be a mothball because no boy wants to be left holding the bag. But it's certainly dee-gee when you're considered a P-38.

Translation: When we're all having fun together at a school party, the boys never ask us to dance. They come up and say, "Come on, Thing—let's swing," or "It's my drizzle, drip," or "May I borrow your frame for the coming struggle?" But, of course, we girls know they want to dance, so we step out. It's awful to be an unpopular girl because no boy wants to be stranded with one girl. But it's certainly divine when you're popular.

DATE STUFF

Zero hour—The time set for your date to arrive.

Delayed action bomb—A girl who's always late for a date.

Saboteur—A girl who snakes another girl's date.

Night maneuvers—P.M. dates.

Coming in on a wing and a prayer—Coming home from a drippy date.

Double feature—A date with two boys.

G.I. Joke Box

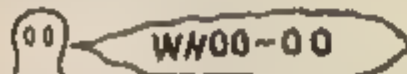
Rookie: Have you hot water in the barracks?

Seasoned Soldier: Yes, and I'm in it most of the time.

Sergeant: There will be only a half-day's work this morning.

Private: Hooray!

Sergeant: Silence! We'll have the other half this afternoon.



Did you hear about the ghost moron who ate Ghost Toasties, evaporated milk, and doughnut holes for breakfast?

LET'S TALK THINGS OVER

(Continued from page 18)

constantly. Equal educational opportunities for all, improved social conditions, good housing, many shared experiences, courage, good fellowship, faith, and trust—these are among the things which are needed to create universal good will. We must all do our part. We must respect ourselves and others, and by our own behavior do credit to the group and groups to which we belong.

We must try—and this is something that takes time, thought, and guidance—to learn to understand where all of us get our prejudices and our unkind, unfriendly, and even cruel feelings—how these things are learned and taught, how we can handle our emotions, and how we may work toward better attitudes and more just conduct. Someone once said, "No one can make you feel inferior without your own cooperation." That is an interesting idea to consider!

I am always getting into arguments because of my temper. All of the girls in my neighborhood are older. I also get into arguments with my mother for the same reason. I would like to know how I could calm my temper.—Lois G., aged 11, Illinois.

IT is a good thing that Lois wants to overcome "getting into arguments" all the time, for chronically quarrelsome folks are not very popular.

On the other hand, everyone enjoys a high-spirited person who is vivacious and full of pep, so that Lois need not calm down to such an extent that she loses her fine vitality, which could be used very well in good ways instead of being wasted on petty things. If there is a play to be given, a festival to be arranged, a salvage drive to be started, these are the times for using up good energy. But it is foolish to use one's strength on violently arguing with one's mother about wearing a blue ribbon instead of a red one or

getting angry at friends who prefer to stay home rather than go to a movie at a certain time.

People who fly off the handle all the time are sometimes not as healthy or as well as they might be, so that in Lois' case cooperating with her parents in doing all that she should to get enough food, rest, exercise, and so on would be one good way for Lois to help herself. Lois should find happiness in being liked and wanted if she would try to think more of others and to be as gracious and considerate as possible. This does not mean submerging herself to other people. If Lois would develop a hobby or learn to do some one thing so well that it must be noticed, she would soon find that she didn't have to be disagreeable in order to attract attention to herself.

Another way to help control her temper would be to try to find some additional companions more nearly her own age, so that she and they would have many things in common—for instance, girls in her own class at school or in some outside groups her parents might permit her to join. Then the other remedies we have suggested should have a greater chance at success.

As we grow older we do have to learn to control our feelings and the things we do. Growing well, getting a good education, doing a good job at whatever work we have to accomplish, caring about others—all these do so much to help us develop and learn how to live that after a while having temper tantrums cannot happen at all!

And we don't want to forget to hold onto that great asset, a sense of humor! Quite often, seen from a long-range point of view, those little sources of annoyance don't seem very important. And if we can manage to smile at ourselves for even thinking of getting angry, then it is easy to turn that anger-energy to new and happier directions and better uses.

Want to share your jokes and jabberwocky with other readers of CALLING ALL GIRLS? Send along the gags and expressions that are getting the biggest play in your crowd—maybe you'll see them in print. Address Nancy Pepper, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N.Y.

YOUTH AIRS ITS VIEWS

(Continued from page 13)

"The war is hard on the children here, too," cried Jimmy, the isolationist. "Look at the children who are left alone while their parents are working. The kids go out and do things they wouldn't do if their mothers were around."

"Well, they wouldn't if they had things to keep them busy," said Jerry. "When kids have good things to do they don't think of stealing and robbing."

"Well, I tell you what I think," said Robert. "You can't just have a world where some people are very, very rich and others are very, very poor. Boys and girls don't steal and do wrong if they are well-fed and have things and, as Jerry said, are kept busy."

"That's what Roosevelt and Churchill brought out in the Atlantic Charter," cried Geraldine. "To have the Four Freedoms."

That brought me to the last question on my list. "What kind of world would you want to build?"

The answers came thick and fast and enthusiastic.

"A world without wars."

"A world where everyone will get an equal chance to live right."

"Does that include Germany and Japan?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," was the answer. They all felt that no matter what punishment will be given to the leaders and the grown-ups in Germany and Japan, the children should be re-educated and be given every opportunity to become men and women who understand that there is no such thing as a master race, that all people are equal and have equal rights in the world.

At that point Geraldine said, "I would like to see a world without prejudice, but I don't think that could ever be."

Everybody protested at that, particularly Patricia, who said that was nonsense. She had had a prejudice against a girl and lost it.

"What made you change?" I asked.

"Why, discussions like this made me think, and I decided to get acquainted with the girl. When I got to know her, I found her a lovely girl; and now we are very good friends."

I think it's only a question of education, and if grown-ups will stop putting ideas in our heads we youngsters won't have any prejudices."

That was quite a speech, and a good one, too. The audience approved with loud applause.

Jimmy said then, "I think after the war America ought to attend to her own business and keep out of Europe."

"Why Jimmy, just look at your globe. There we are, a big part of it. Can you just take us off the globe and put us somewhere by our-

selves?" Pat called out.

"Well," said Jimmy, "I'd like to build a world where no one will be hungry—no one, not even the people in Europe."

Which showed that Jimmy wasn't the isolationist he thought he was.

You may wonder what is the good of these discussions. Well, I say try one and see. Get together with friends. Discuss world affairs. You will be surprised to see how much you can learn from each other. When you read this article the war in Europe will be moving swiftly along to victory. Then will come the post-war time. That will be your world. You have a big task ahead of you. Women will have a greater chance than ever before for leadership, and women can do much.



Dorothy Gordon, the author of this article, has broadcast over the major networks as The Song and Story Lady. She is the author of "Sing It Yourself," "Around the World in Song," and "Treasure Bag of Game Songs." Watch your local papers for announcements of forum broadcasts like the one described here.



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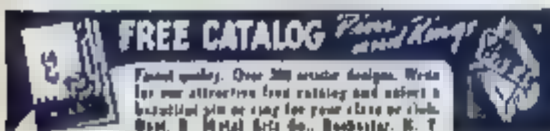
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State of New York) ss. Before me, a Notary
County of New York

That in and for the State and County aforesaid personally appeared George J. Hecht, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposed and said that he is the President of CALLING ALL GIRLS, Inc. and that the following is to the best of his knowledge and belief a true statement of the ownership, management and of a daily paper the circulation of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above entitled report required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1943, entitled as in section 637 of the Laws of 1943, Chapter 100, printed on the reverse of this form to wit:

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2. That the owner is Calling All Girls Inc. which is a weekly women's magazine published for 62 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York 17, N. Y., of which the stockholders owning more than 1% of the total amount of stock are: Louis Rubenberger, 120 Broadway, New York, N. Y.; Chase National Bank, Trustee under Trust Indenture dated April 9, 1928, 11 Broad Street, New York, N. Y.; Harry F. Guggenheim, 120 Broadway, New York, N. Y.; Hecht and Company, 601 11th Street, New York, N. Y.; George J. Hecht, Trustee, 62 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Horace Realty Corp., 634 Ala. Ave., New York, N. Y.; State University of Iowa, Iowa City, Iowa; Herbert H. Lehman, 1 William Street, New York, N. Y.; University of Minnesota, Minneapolis, Minn.; George W. Naitzburg, 40 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.; Estate of James H. Post, 129 Front Street, New York, N. Y.; Russell Sage Foundation, 130 East 22nd Street, New York, N. Y.; Teachers College, Columbia University, 825 West 120th Street, New York, N. Y.; Mrs. Lawrence H. Mann, 1000 Avenue, Tarrytown-on-Hudson, N. Y.; Yale University, New Haven, Conn.

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KATHY SAVES CHRISTMAS

(Continued from page 5)

her packages. "I hope I didn't hurt you."

"Oh, no. It wasn't your fault, anyhow," said Kathy, laughing at his consternation. "I just wasn't looking where I was going."

"Well, gee, since I practically knocked you down, let me carry your packages home for you," offered the soldier shyly.

Kathy looked at him. He was tall and broad-shouldered, but his face was awfully young. "Golly," thought Kathy, "he doesn't look as old as Jack." There was a wistful look about his eyes, too, as if, well, as if he were a long way from home.

"Of course," she answered brightly, "that's fair enough. Come along. I live on Walnut Street."

"Er—maybe I'd better introduce myself," he said as he swung into step beside her. "My name's Bill Kennedy and I'm stationed at Camp Rogers."

"I'm Kathy Wilkinson," replied Kathy. "My brother's in the Army, too. He's in New Guinea."

"I reckon I'll be going over soon myself."

"Do your folks live here?" asked Kathy politely.

He shook his head. "Gosh, no. They live far away—in California. I hoped I'd get a furlough to go home for Christmas, but no such luck."

"Gee, that's too bad. But I suppose

you know someone in town who'll have you over for Christmas dinner," said Kathy.

"Nope. Don't know a soul. I just got shipped here a month ago. No, I reckon I'll spend Christmas in the barracks listening to the radio, unless I come into town and hang around the USO." He laughed, but he didn't sound cheerful.

They were almost at Kathy's door. Suddenly she had a tremendous idea. Before her reason could warn her not to, she burst out with it. "Look, why not come to our house for Christmas? We have our tree on Christmas Eve and then we go to church. I know the folks would love to have you. Come over Christmas Eve and have supper and then come to dinner Christmas Day."

"Golly, Kathy, do you mean it?" Bill's eyes were shining. Then his face sobered. "But are you sure your folks..."

"Oh, I'm absolutely sure. They're terribly lonesome for Jack—that's my brother—and I know they'd be thrilled to have a soldier spend Christmas with them. Please come."

Her mother was getting dinner and her father was reading the evening paper in the front room when Kathy came in. She dumped her packages on the kitchen table and turned to her mother quickly, even anxiously. But she had to say it now before she

Kathy counted the money in her piggy bank and began planning ways to earn money for presents.



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had time to think about it. "Mom," she said breathlessly, "I met a soldier today. He's from Camp Rogers. His name is Bill Kennedy and his folks live in California. He doesn't know anybody in town. He's terribly lonesome and he hasn't any place to go Christmas. So I—I invited him here. I know I should have asked you first but, gee, Mom..."

"Why, Kathy!" exclaimed her mother, staring at her.

"He's a very nice boy and he's just about Jack's age and I know you'll like him and besides, it's our patriotic duty, isn't it?" she blurted. Her heart was thumping. What if Mom said he couldn't come?

"Why, I think that's a fine idea," boomed Daddy, coming to the kitchen door. "It's just what we need. Golly, I bet he was tickled pink at the prospect of a real home-cooked dinner with regular folks again."

"Darling Daddy," thought Kathy. "He wants to have Christmas, too!"

"And Mom, I thought it would be nice to have him come for Christmas Eve and the tree and go to church with us, too," she cried.

Kathy thought her mother was never going to say anything, it took her so long.

"Of course, dear. I'm glad you asked him," she said at last in a quiet voice, as if she'd been thinking hard. "And maybewe'd better have a tree after all."

Kathy and her father went out, as they always had, into the woods for the tree. They didn't take the car, of course, but Mr. Wilkinson fixed up a carrier on their old sled and they dragged the tree home over the crunchy snow. And when at last the stand was made and the tree was in the usual place by the front window and the pungent, spicy, wild smell of fir filled the air, the house really began to feel like Christmas.

While they'd been out getting the tree, Kathy's mother had been baking and when they got home she was just taking the last batch of cookies out of the



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oven. Her face was warm and flushed and looked less worn and tired than it had since Jack went away.

"It's too late for fruit cake, but I baked some cookies—two kinds. I thought that boy would like some," she explained.

When Bill rang the doorbell at nine o'clock Christmas Eve, the tree sparkled with silver icicles and the decorations saved through the years since Jack and Kathy were little. There was a small mound of gaily wrapped packages under the tree and Mom had lit two tall red candles on the supper table.

Bill came in beaming and just shy enough to be nice. Kathy could see that her parents liked him right away. He had a big box of chocolates done up in a star-sprinkled red paper which he gave to Mrs. Wilkinson, blushing furiously.

"This is for you, ma'am," he said and Kathy was afraid for a moment her mother was going to cry.

Everything went as it always had in the happy days. First they had supper, and Bill simply gorged himself on Mom's cookies, which pleased

her no end. Then they gave out the presents. There was a leather writing kit for Bill that Daddy had dashed out and got that afternoon. And a new sweater Mom had knitted Kathy, a Christmas book from Daddy. They all laughed over the fat little plastic horse and Mom happily sprayed her new cologne on everyone.

Then Kathy sat down at the piano and Bill stood beside her and they sang carols. And then it was time to leave for church.

After the service Bill had to catch the bus back to camp and when he left he had a hard time saying good-bye. "I—I don't know how to thank you folks," he stammered. "This has been swell. Almost as good as going home."

"We think it's been swell, too," said Dad, clapping him on the back. And Mom in a shaky voice said, "It's been wonderful having you, Bill, and we'll expect you tomorrow for dinner." And she squeezed his hand.

Walking home beside her parents in the frosty, starry, holy night Kathy felt so good she could have burst. If only Jack were there everything would have been perfect. She knew that Mom and Dad were thinking about him, too.

Suddenly Mom said, "Kathy, I want to thank you for bringing that boy to our house. I realize how selfish I was not wanting to have Christmas this year. It was wrong of me to make you suffer just because I miss Jack so much. But with Bill there, it was almost as if Jack were with us, too."

Kathy gulped and she said slowly, trying to find words for what she'd been feeling all evening, "I—I sort of feel Jack is here with us, Mom. At least—in spirit. I know wherever he is, he's thinking about us, and what we're doing. And I—I think he'd want us to keep Christmas this year—in spite of the war."

Her parents were both looking at her intently and she felt very solemn and queer, but she went on, "I sort of think that's one of the things Jack's fighting for—so we can have Christmas just as we've always had it. And if we didn't keep it this year because he wasn't here and we feel so bad about the war, why, I—I think that would be like—like defeat, wouldn't it? I mean, it would be like letting down Jack and all the others. At least," she added humbly, "that's what I think."



Mr. Wilkinson and Kathy fixed up a carrier on their old sled and they dragged the tree home over the crunchy snow.

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APPENDIX: An 8-page Caloric Table of everyday foods (a grand help in watching your diet, to lose or put on weight).

SECTION II—WHAT YOU CAN DO TO IMPROVE YOUR RELATIONS WITH OTHERS

28. How to meet people in cordial and poised manner—when to shake hands, what to say.
29. What a smile can do; laughter.
30. Adding interest to your voice.
31. Looking at other people with open mind.
32. Your troubles are your own; don't spread your woes.
33. The art of conversation. Don't be a tangent talker, omit the terrible details; brevity still soul of wit.
34. Nothing duller than walking an encyclopedia; insert own opinions and ideas; avoid useless chatter.
35. How to be interesting talker.
36. Listen with mind as well as ears.
37. Do people like you more as time goes on?
38. How to overcome shyness and self-consciousness.
39. How to develop physical and mental appeal.
40. Having a good time at a party.
41. When dining out, two or a crowd, formal or casual.
42. How are your telephone manners?
43. Write the sort of letters you would like to receive.
44. Shopping, pleasure or ordeal?
45. Manners and clothes of yesterday compared to those of today.
46. Don't be a martyr-type; out of fashion to enjoy poor health, or sacrifice life for children, parents, etc.
47. The wishy-washy dear is burden to herself and others; let people know your likes and dislikes.
48. How to handle the question of money matters.
49. Help, help, what's the answer? Should you let prospective beau take you to 55c theatre seats or to orchestra only? Does he fail to bring flowers, because he is stingy, thoughtless or impoverished? When he asks you where to go, should you name a tea room or an expensive supper club? When he asks you what you want for a gift, should you say, "nothing" or "Guerrini's Perfume"? etc., etc.
50. How to make yourself popular and sought after.
51. Charm is like a beautiful dress. It can be acquired. Discover your faults and eliminate them—emphasize all your good qualities.

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